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POLITICAL COWARDICE.

IN private life there is scarcely to be found a more objectionable and mischievous character than the amiable man of good intentions, who loves his own ease better than high principle, who desires in all emergencies to "make things pleasant," and who is cursed with the inability to say "No." His moral cowardice continually leads him into difficulties, from which he can escape only by pecuniary or personal sacrifice. He adjourns the unpleasantness which he cannot hope to avoid. He encourages aggression by his weakness, and in his weakness he succumbs to it. His children become undutiful, his servants ungrateful, and his friends, even if they affect to love him, despise him in their hearts. He is the prey of beggars and swindlers, and of all the sharp-sighted knaves who learn that to threaten is to subdue him. By dint of being continually pleasant to everybody, he ends by making an atmosphere of unpleasantness all around him. He dies without securing that peace and ease which were the objects of his life, and is dismissed into oblivion, condoned but despised, with the contemptuous epitaph, that he was "no one's enemy but his own."

It will be a bad day for England if our statesmanship shall permanently assume a character such as this, and if our leading public men shall become the political cowards which some of them are. Of late years there has been too decided a tendency to this unworthy good-nature—too strong a desire to "make things pleasant," and to forget, despise, or adjourn the consideration of those high and ennobling principles of conduct which have made us a great and powerful nation, especially when their assertion threatened to hasten the easy jog-trot of political hacks, and to cost much exertion to men in office, or much money to the State.

To tide over the evil day appears to be the highest object of such men. To conciliate opposition suits them better than to conquer or overbear it, especially if the conquest be attended with any personal sacrifice; and to yield all demands, however degrading, which it is inconvenient to resist with no other than a barren remonstrance against the wrong, is the highest effort of virtue which they appear to be capable. It was in this way that our statesmen made default, when the late Czar Nicholas threatened to march his armies across the Pruth for the conquest and humiliation of Turkey. A bold message from the Prime Minister of Great Britain, at the very commencement of those difficulties, notifying that such a step would have been a declaration of war against this country, would infallibly have prevented all the horrors, bloodshed, and bootless glory of the Crimean campaign. But our responsible statesmen were timid, and allowed the critical moment to pass by. The consequence was, one of the most useless and unsatisfactory wars recorded in modern history;—a war in which we neither saved Turkey, nor seriously checked Russia, —a war in which our ally gained all the credit, and we all the hard blows, and which was brought to a termination against our will, at a moment when our blood had just been sufficiently roused to enable us to do something effectual for the future peace of the world. A curt and decisive negative to the demand of the Emperor of the French, when he called upon the Ministers of Great Britain to alter the criminal jurisprudence of their country, in the matter of the trials consequent upon the wicked attempt of Orsini on the Emperor's life, would have saved the Palmerston administration of 1858 from an ignominious defeat, and raised not only the moral status of British statesmanship, but the *prestige* of the country throughout the world.

But such answer was not given, and the Anglo-French alliance has ever since exhibited symptoms of coolness and dilapidation; not so much from the fact that the ruler of the French was unreasonable, but from the worse fact that the responsible chief of the British Ministry was much too good-natured to say "No;" and far too anxious to "make things pleasant" to a powerful neighbour, to perform a disagreeable duty.

The same sort of amiable but mischievous weakness is to be seen in the conflict of powers that has unfortunately broken out between the Lords and Commons on the vital subject of taxation. As usual, our excellent Prime Minister desires to make things comfortable. The House of Lords is told that it has done wrong in attempting to re-impose the excise duties upon paper, after the House of Commons has determined to abolish them. It is softly admonished not to interfere with the power of the purse; and politely informed that its breach of privilege, and usurpation of an authority not belonging to it by the recognized practice of the Constitution, is to be endured for this time only, and must not be repeated,—otherwise the House of Commons will have the unpleasant duty of remonstrating again—perhaps a little more sharply than before, but certainly not to the inconvenient extent of an open quarrel and a counter course of action. There could be no ranker political poltroonery on the part of the House of Commons than this. Such a tampering with a sacred principle, though it may give the Administration a lease of office until February, 1861, must of necessity create new and greater difficulties—either for this Administration or its successors—and will indubitably foment a great and very serious quarrel, out of what might otherwise have been a small one.

The country itself has a more earnest spirit, and sees that Ministers and the House of Commons will both be stultified, unless means be found to give practical effect to the resolutions carried by the aid of the too-willing Opposition on Friday last. To collect, on the authority of the House of Lords, a tax abolished by the House of Commons, whether the tax be abolished by a great or a small majority, or be in itself considerable or inconsiderable in amount, is a beginning of strife of which no man can foretell the close. Better to stop such an evil at its outlet, when it is but a little stream, than allow it to swell into a flood. Most people admit the question of the abstract right of the House of Lords to refuse its consent to the repeal of the paper duty, or any other tax; but, after the exercise of that right, the functions of the House of Commons again come into operation, to assert the prior and paramount right of the popular branch of the Legislature, and to re-affirm its first determination. There are many abstract and theoretical rights which wisdom and common sense will not exercise. It is a man's right, if it so please him, to cut off his nose; but none, except fools or maniacs, would exercise such a power. It is the theoretical right of the Sovereign of these realms to reject measures passed by the Lords and Commons, and to make successive appeals to the country to elect a Parliament subservient enough to give effect to the royal will; but what king or queen would be insane enough to stake the tranquillity of the country and the popularity of the monarchy on such an unworkable principle? Had this country unhappily such a sovereign to rule over it, a civil war, and perhaps the destruction of the monarchy, would be the result if the chief of the State unluckily happened to be as obstinate as he was unwise.

In the present state of Europe, we should deprecate and deplore any dislocation of the British Ministry that might tempt the des-



potie Powers of the continent to combine for the extinction of the nascent liberties of Italy, or for the mutual aggrandizement of the confederates. For this reason, among many others equally cogent, but not perhaps so pressing, it is to be hoped that Lord Palmerston, and the colleagues who agree with him as to the inexpediency of resisting the House of Lords, by acts as well as by words, will reconsider their determination, and exhibit the moral and political courage which the occasion demands. Mr. Gladstone and Lord John Russell owe it to their own honour and reputation, and to their chance of future usefulness to the country, either to convert Lord Palmerston to their bolder and sounder views, or to leave the Administration. Courage is the best peacemaker, and if a majority of the House of Commons do not see their duty to resist the encroachment at the present time, the day will assuredly come when they will either have to fight a still fiercer battle, or resign their place as the governing power of the nation.

THE COMING CONFERENCE.

MONS. DE VATTEL, in his admirable work, defines the *Necessary Law of Nations* to consist in the application of the law of nature to nations. "It contains the precepts prescribed by the law of nature to states, on whom that law is not less obligatory than on individuals, since states are composed of men, and the law of nature is binding on all men, under whatever relation they act. Hence it is necessary, because nations are absolutely bound to observe it." This is the law which Grotius calls the *Internal Law of Nations*, "on account of its being obligatory on nations in point of conscience." If these eminent jurists had been in the habit of studying the Blue-Books of the present day, more especially those relating to the affairs of Italy, Savoy, and Nice, they would have been forced to the conclusion that some of the nations of Europe, at all events, having no conscience, had ceased to be bound by any law, but had "become a law unto themselves," and therefore set at defiance all those international principles so carefully and ably laid down by these learned men. Unquestionably, that moral code by which men are bound in the social relations in which they stand towards each other, is equally applicable to states. A fraud is not the less reprehensible when it is perpetrated by a ruler in his public and not in his private capacity; and acts which are illegal, as between man and man, are not justified because they receive the sanction of governments. Unfortunately, it has become too much the habit of the present day to acknowledge two moral standards—one for the state and one for the individual; that process of territorial aggrandizement which, when perpetrated by a government is called annexation, or colonization, if put into operation by an individual, is styled filibustering, and the adventurer is stigmatized as "conspiring," where the sovereign is only said to be "diplomating." The most scandalous instance of a political swindle which has recently come before the notice of the public, took place three months ago in Savoy and Nice. The Blue-Books to which we have alluded teem with protestations upon the part both of the French and Sardinian Governments: first, that the transfer of these provinces was never contemplated; secondly, that it should only take place with the consent of the Great Powers; and, thirdly, that the populations interested should be consulted, and an opportunity allowed them for the "free" expression of their opinion upon a subject of such deep importance. Six months before the first of these assurances was given, the Treaty of Plombières, by which the transfer of the two provinces was negotiated, had been signed. The annexation took place in defiance of the Powers, who were never consulted, because it was well known that they were opposed to it, and if we are to believe the description given in Mr. Oliphant's pamphlet* of the mode in which the wish of the population was taken, the choice put before each voter was French annexation or a French penal settlement. Nor was the pressure thus exercised confined to French influence alone. We regret that the Sardinian Government should not merely have connived at the political jugglery which was carried on in Savoy and Nice under the name of universal suffrage, but that it should have actively co-operated in forcing the people to vote in accordance with the treaty of the 24th of March, and allowed it to be generally understood that a hostile vote would be considered an act of rebellion. The result of the pressure exercised by these two powers upon a simple and timid population was, as might have been anticipated, an almost unanimous vote in favour of France. The police were strictly enjoined to see that no voter exercised his suffrage in an opposite sense, and all the Government *employés* suspected of an Italian leaning were dismissed before the vote took place. The much-coveted provinces having thus been acquired by France, and formally annexed, the object of the Italian war would have been already gained, had it not unfortunately happened that the northern part of Savoy occupies an exceptional position with reference to Europe, and notwithstanding the skill and dexterity of the Emperor, and the apathy and indifference of the Powers with whom he has had to deal—are not to be disposed of so readily. The stumblingblock in the way of the imperial policy at this moment is Switzerland. This stubborn and courageous little Power has, during the last six months, bombarded

M. Thouvenel with notes and protocols to an extent which has caused that fluent and versatile diplomatist no little embarrassment. In vain have threats and caresses been employed to win over to silence the Federal Council. While all Europe was dozing, the Swiss, like the bold inhabitants of Lilliput, were binding down the giant with red tape, and sticking tiny spears into him in all directions. There is an Eastern proverb, to the effect that a cat will fly at an elephant if she is pushed into the corner. Switzerland is in this position, and while struggling manfully to hold her own, appeals to the Powers of Europe to help her,—not as an act of charity, but in fulfilment of those obligations in her behalf which were entered into in the interest of Europe itself.

In order to enable us to appreciate the nature of these obligations, and the attitude maintained by Switzerland at the present juncture, a brief recapitulation of the communications which have passed between the Federal Council and the French Government will be necessary. The position adopted by Switzerland at the outset was clear and definite. She denied the right of France to annex, much less to occupy, provinces the neutrality of which, as against France, had been guaranteed by Europe. Deeming it absolutely essential to her own safety that the neutrality of these provinces should be preserved, she protested, both on political and strategical grounds, against the proposed annexation. Much special pleading was resorted to on the part of M. Thouvenel to prove, first, that the provinces of Northern Savoy had not been neutralized in the interest of Switzerland, but of Sardinia; and, secondly, that inasmuch as the Swiss frontiers are open to France, Faucigny and Chablais are strategically valueless to Switzerland, as preventing access to the Simplon.

The reply of the Federal Council to these arguments possesses not merely political, but historical interest. It establishes, by the production of a "*Memoire*," which has not yet been published in England, presented in October, 1814, by M. G. de Humboldt, at the Conference of the Powers, and by the correspondence of M. Pictet de Rochemont, quoting the text of the very protocol of the 26th March, 1815, appealed to by M. Thouvenel, that the Powers considered it necessary to give Switzerland a good military frontier, that it *could defend*, and that failing accession of territory to her in northern Savoy, these provinces were neutralized, upon the demand, in the first instance, of the Swiss deputies; and in the note of M. Pictet the following curious passage occurs: "We must make this (the neutralization of Faucigny and Chablais) appear to be an advantage for the King of Sardinia," thereby showing that the Sardinian element so much relied on by M. Thouvenel, was merely introduced to facilitate the attainment of the great object—namely, the neutralization of the territory in favour of Switzerland.

The negotiations with reference to the provinces resulted in that article of the Treaty of Vienna, the reconciliation of which with the second article of the Treaty of Turin is to form the subject of a conference of the Great Powers. The 92nd article of the Treaty of Vienna runs as follows: "The Provinces of Chablais and Faucigny, and the whole of the territory of Savoy to the north of Ugine, belonging to his Majesty the King of Sardinia, shall form a part of the neutrality of Switzerland, as it is recognized and guaranteed by the Powers. Whenever, therefore, the neighbouring Powers to Switzerland are in a state of open or impending hostility, the troops of his Majesty the King of Sardinia, which are in those provinces, shall retire, and may for that purpose pass through the Vallais, if necessary. No other armed troops of any other Power shall have the privilege of passing through or remaining in the said territories and provinces, excepting those which the Swiss Confederation may think proper to place there."

The stipulation with which this article is to be reconciled is to this effect:—"It is equally understood that his Majesty the King of Sardinia cannot transfer the neutralized parts of Savoy, except on the conditions upon which he himself possesses them, and that it will appertain to his Majesty the Emperor of the French to come to an understanding on this subject with the Powers represented at the Congress of Vienna and with the Swiss Confederation, and to give them the guarantees required by the stipulations referred to in this article."

In entertaining the possibility of reconciling these two articles, we have to consider, not so much in whose favour the territory was neutralized, as *against whom* it was neutralized. The only Power to whom the acquisition of this district could be of importance was France; hence the trouble she has taken to acquire it, and hence the impossibility of her fulfilling those conditions which were imposed for the purpose of keeping her out of it. So evident was this to M. Thouvenel,—so transparent were the objections which were to be urged by the Powers interested in the acquisition by France of the very barrier designed to check her aggression, that the Foreign Minister, in a conversation with Lord Cowley on the subject, stated frankly,—"that while the French Government asked for guarantees for the safety of France, they had no intention of violating or infringing upon those which Europe had thought necessary to take for her own safety. The annexation, therefore, of Savoy to France would not break the engagements entered into for the neutrality of the

* "Universal Suffrage and Napoleon III." By Lawrence Oliphant. W. Blackwood & Sons.

districts of Chablais and Faucigny; indeed, in the opinion of the French Government it would be well that those districts should be united permanently to Switzerland."

It was not until the French Government perceived the absence of any concerted action on the part of the European Powers, that it receded from the language held by M. Thouvenel, above quoted, and discovered that the cession of the North of Savoy to Switzerland was impossible, in consequence of the objections said to be entertained by the Savoyards themselves to the dismemberment of their country. The fact that upwards of 12,000 Northern Savoyards signed a petition in favour of this dismemberment is a sufficient denial to the accuracy of this statement, and is fully borne out by the accounts which have been received from persons who were on the spot on the occasion of the taking of the popular vote. Encouraged by the absence of any opposition to this process, which was in itself illegal, and in direct defiance of the treaty of 1815, as well as of the former treaties of 1564, which expressly stipulate that "no part of Savoy shall be alienated, which may affect the position of Switzerland," M. Thouvenel entered upon a course of diplomatic coquetry with Switzerland, with the view of inducing that Power to come to some arrangement which might enable France to dispense with the Conference demanded by the Federal Council, or at all events to determine beforehand the propositions which were to be submitted to it. It was evident that if Switzerland had entertained any such proposition, she would have condoned the offence of which she now complains, and destroyed the case which she desires to lay before the *Areopagus* of Europe. M. Thouvenel, finding the Swiss Government determined to resist all cajolery, and to stand upon those rights which have been conferred upon her by treaty, has addressed a circular to the Powers, proposing, among other suggestions for the arrangement of the difficulty, a Conference, to have for its object the reconciliation of the conflicting treaty engagements. This Conference, however, must be regarded as convoked not by France but by Switzerland, for that Power is entitled, by the supplementary treaty of 1818, to appeal to the Powers who have guaranteed her neutrality, in the event of that neutrality being threatened. England, Russia, and Austria have agreed to join in this Conference, and it is of the utmost importance that they should meet not as parties to a discussion upon equal terms with France, to consider an expedient solution of a complication, but as a tribunal sitting in judgment upon the acts of the French Government—bound in honour to respond to the invitation of a weak and threatened power, whose independence they have sworn to protect, and ready if need be to demand the restitution of territory which can alone secure that independence. The political character of the guaranteeing nations for honour and good faith is at stake, and if there be a moral code which is to govern states as well as individuals, it surely must dictate a firm and decided tone upon this occasion. There can be no doubt that if the Powers insist upon the abandonment of Northern Savoy by France, as the only solution which will be accepted by them, France would be compelled to revert to her own original proposal of their annexation to Switzerland. This is what the Powers are honourably bound to insist upon. Unfortunately, in the present demoralized condition of Europe, it is not what we have any right to expect from them. Meantime, if the Conference ends in no concession on the part of the Emperor, those who have been parties to it will have been justly humiliated, and Switzerland most unjustly betrayed.

THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH NAVIES.

THE same impulses of the old unconquerable martial spirit of Britain that covered the hills and lined the seashores with an entire people in military array, when the first Napoleon threatened our coast, urge the young men of the present day to array themselves as Volunteers, to encounter any foe who boasts that he is strong enough to invade the English soil. The bone and sinew, the pluck and daring of the country, have "come out." The flower of our youth have donned the uniform and shouldered the rifle, and those who cannot do so by reason of their age, applaud the energy of their juniors, and tell them how they, in their youth, did likewise when the hordes of the first Napoleon threatened our homes. The armed manhood of this country, and the Imperial Zouaves or Turcos, cannot, however, come in collision, without a descent of the latter upon our shores. Should such an event take place, the history of nations will never have seen a grander sight than will then be enacted by the resolute and undaunted of these islands. No sacrifice of life or property will be spared to read the invader a lesson such as invader was never taught before. But though possible, the event is improbable, and every friend of liberty in Great Britain and out of it will pray that Heaven may avert from this land the horrors and sufferings of such a calamity.

"Fight the enemy on his own ground; let him not land on our shores:" such has been the cry and the policy of Great Britain ever since the Norman Conquest. At first this policy was carried out in a series of offensive wars and conquests on the continent. Then, growing wiser, the British people confined themselves to the creation of a navy, which should command the shores of an enemy's country,

and prevent him sallying forth, either to the annoyance or danger of our shores. In the last great war with France, Great Britain not only conquered the supremacy of the ocean, but engaged in Spain, in Egypt, and in Belgium, in offensive wars, on behalf of other European Powers. The five-and-forty years of peace which have subsequently ensued have wrought great changes. Satisfied with our past successes, we have allowed our navy to stand still, whilst that of France has made rapid and large development; and at last our old antagonist has found a ruler who appears to be capable of bringing her vast military power to bear upon us, in the only way in which it need cause us any anxiety. He has created a huge navy, and given it a thoroughly new organization, admirably adapted to one especial purpose—that of bridging the English Channel, so that he may let loose upon us those half-million soldiers who, even if we destroy the whole of them within three months of their landing, will nevertheless be able to inflict such humiliation upon us as a hundred years of commercial success will not enable us to remedy.

Without one colony to defend, France—or, at all events, a very large proportion of the most influential Frenchmen, have but one problem to solve—how, by the humiliation of England, to wipe out the recollections of the failure of the First Empire, and to secure to the Second Empire that preponderating influence in the world which it is their craving to acquire.* Put England into their place, would not England do likewise? We honestly believe it would. If Englishmen were Frenchmen, would not Englishmen like to punish those who marched twice through their capital in a quarter of a century, and imprisoned and banished their elected king? Of course they would; and would only congratulate themselves that, when directed by the genius of a great man, their army and navy stood ready to undertake the task. Steadily, since 1840, the naval and military administrations of France have worked towards that end. In Algiers, France trained and matured her soldiery; and her army has subsequently attested, in sanguinary fields, its ancient valour. The preparation of the navy was a longer and far more anxious task. The introduction of steam, and still more that of the screw propeller, aided the task; but the want of a great foreign commerce denied to France the facilities which we possessed—of drawing from a commercial marine any number of seamen we might require. She therefore determined to foster and create a body of seamen, who should be naval sailors, *pur sang*. Adopting what was good in our system, rejecting what was bad,—introducing a knowledge of gunnery under a uniform system, before we even thought of such a measure,—and, better still, instilling into the minds of the officers a uniform idea of naval discipline, France has the satisfaction to-day of being able to point to a standing navy, a large portion of whom are voluntarily serving the state, and the rest are derived from her system of conscription. One hundred thousand represents the naval power at the disposal of Louis Napoleon at any hour he may please to direct it against England, and the *morale* of this force is almost as good as its numbers are great and organisation perfect.

The Orleans family inaugurated a system of popularizing the navy in France, of accustoming her marine to petty triumphs, which, trivial as they appeared to us, had great effect upon a profession whose record of service was a blank. A prince of that royal house put forth an able and well-considered work, inciting his brother naval officers to labour for the common end—the humiliation of Great Britain. The Prince de Joinville showed France that steam was the agent by which England was to be compelled to surrender her pretension to naval superiority. French sailors were taught to hold English sailors in contempt, by a series of petty insults to the British flag, which our naval officers were compelled to submit to by their superiors. At Tangier, off Vera Cruz, in the Isle of France, at Otaheite,—indeed, whenever an opportunity occurred, insults were heaped upon us, all too trivial to go to war about, but still serving the object which the French had in view—that of raising the *morale* of the French sailor, and teaching the young officer to consider himself superior to an Englishman. The majority of the officers who perpetrated those acts now stand high in the navy of the Emperor of the French; and perhaps this country has no more cordial hater than his Minister of Marine, or one of whose astuteness we have more reason to be watchful. The campaigns of the Crimea and Italy have only served to render that French navy still more perfect. We need not dwell upon its efficiency for the purpose for which it is intended,—that can only be tested when the time comes; but so far as human foresight can provide for every contingency,—so far as force, numbers, efficiency, and a thorough organisation are concerned,—and so far as we can judge by the way that fleet has done its work, whenever and wherever it has been called upon to act, whether in the supplying of the French army, in the Crimea during the winter time, whether in carrying whole divisions, and landing them armed and ready *cap-a-pie* on the beach of Genoa, or in conducting warlike operations against Russ or Chinaman,—we are struck with the efficiency of the French sailor of the new *régime*, and still more with the apparent unity of action in their navy generally.

Turn now to England, and mark the contrast. Englishmen, who were once without equals,—we, whose sailors stood alone as the

best men-of-war's-men in the world, are told that the old sailor is gone, and that there is nothing to replace him. The admirals Duncombe, Napier, Bowles, Hardwicke, and Martin, sound a note of warning as to the utter rottenness of every department, the agglomerate of which forms the navy of England. In the House and out of the House, in all the clubs, at every dinner party, there is one constant subject of lament—the inefficiency of the present Board of Admiralty, the utter disorganisation of the fleet, rotten gun-boats, line-of-battle ships of green wood, and iron sheathed vessels whose timbers the Duke of Somerset can probe with a toothpick,—constant court-martials on mutinous seamen,—*émeutes* in line-of-battle ships,—officers coalescing and almost feeling members of the House with monumental tablets or silver salvers, to support their cause against official rulers,—pamphlets representing the lamentable, almost starving condition of half-pay officers, who can only starve, as they must not beg,—captains just serving long enough to qualify themselves for their flag rank, and determined, when that rank at last is reached, to revenge themselves upon an ungrateful country, by remaining on a nominally active list, though every faculty should fail them, and then, as admirals, only sail in Bath-chairs, and be fed by nurses,—all this, we say, denotes a most unhealthy condition of our navy. And our anxiety is not lessened when we read of the manifold and contradictory remedies suggested by those whose professional knowledge ought to entitle their opinions to proper weight. The admirals not in the Admiralty, or whose interest lies not in that quarter, directly assert that there—at Whitehall—is the source of all evil. They call for a committee of the House of Commons upon the constitution of the Board. The sooner such a committee is ordered, the better for the honour, safety, and welfare of the British empire.

IMMORAL LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

WHEN last week we pointed out the fatal tendencies of modern French literature, which demoralized public and social opinion and feeling, we were far from supposing that the French Government itself was actually confirming our observations by an official notice.

The French newspapers contain, this week, a circular addressed by the Minister of the Interior to the prefects of all the departments, wherein he states that, inasmuch as the administration for the maintenance of public order needs the authority and interference of the law, so in like manner special powers are required to restrain the press for the better protection of public morals.

At the time that we were asserting that the novels and dramas in France were overthrowing all established tenets and recognised principles, Monsieur Billault was lamenting, in his circular, the deplorable consequences arising out of the same cause, and proclaiming the necessity of applying a remedy.

He urges the prefects to exercise due severity in checking the unhealthy and immoral tone pervading the literature of the day, and directs them to send for trial before the tribunals, the authors of such works as seek for success only by the impurity of their portraiture, the immorality of their plots, and the wretched corruption of their heroes and heroines.

So far so good. The French Government feels that the popular mind has a right to more wholesome food, and that the literary works which offend or pervert all right principle and good feeling, are quite as injurious, if not more so, than political declamation.

But Monsieur Billault only touches on the surface of the evil, or rather, is prevented by his position from laying his axe at the root of it. He has too much experience, and is too well informed, not to know that the activity of the human mind is not easily quenched, that it must have a passage for escape, and that when freedom of thought is compressed, and political liberty has become a mere by-word, that activity will throw itself into other channels, according to the propensities of the national character and the temperament of the people. In Germany, to the fetters laid upon the press may be ascribed those cloudy metaphysical works which border on the unintelligible and delight in the eccentric in matters of theology. In France, under similar restrictions, literature has become licentious, as if Nature herself asserted her rights, and punished all attempts at impeding the exercise of that heavenly gift, the independence of human reason. Ancient as well as modern history teaches us the same lesson. When, in Greece and Rome, all liberty had expired, the restless mind took refuge in works of licentiousness. Petronius and Martial wrote with the applause of the nation, at a time when Scipio and Cato would have been exiled or put to death by the Emperor.

We have but little hope that this new measure introduced by Monsieur Billault will be efficacious in remedying the actual evil. The desired reformation can scarcely be produced until the effervescence of the public mind is allowed to expend itself on those topics of general interest which are connected with all that the human heart holds most dear—liberty and independence of thought, and free discussion of political measures. Diverse interests and diverse opinions, openly expressed, produce a wholesome agitation, and support the vitality of a nation. Why should men always be walking about as masked figures, injuring the honesty of their own minds by

an insincere adherence to that which they inwardly disapprove and condemn? But this is a question on which it is not our purpose to enter at length. We will only say to the French people, as the Minister of the Interior would doubtless say if he were allowed to speak openly, "Wait and hope."

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. II.

MR. WAGSTAFFE PROPOUNDS A SCHEME OF MANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

I MUST own that I shared the weariness of every one I meet, as regards the late discussions upon the Reform Bill. Who asked for reform? When a dog is not hungry, what does he care for a bone? Mr. Disraeli's reform bone had no marrow in it, and Lord John's was not particularly meaty. And if the dog—or I ought perhaps to say the lion [British], who is but a nobler and fiercer kind of dog—was really famished, he would rend such keepers as these into very small fragments, if either of them insulted him with mere bones instead of beef.

The extension of the suffrage was a good cry enough in 1830. But in 1860 it has lost its attractiveness. Whether the occupancy of a ten-pound or a six-pound house be made the test of a man's fitness to exercise political power, mean, venal, and cowardly knaves, who value a five-pound note, or a tenth of the money, or even a pot of beer, more than they do any political principle whatsoever, will offer their votes for sale, and will find purchasers as unprincipled as themselves. Therefore, and for a thousand other reasons, I do not approve of any bit-by-bit extension of the suffrage, like that of Lord John Russell or that of Mr. Disraeli. I would rather extend the suffrage at one stroke to its extreme limit, and so have done with it. MANHOOD SUFFRAGE—that is my panacea for purifying alike the electors and the elected. Universal Suffrage I do not propose, for it never existed either in ancient or in modern times.

Democratic America does not admit the principle. The constitution of the United States gives no vote to women, the fairer as well as the more numerous portion of the community. "Niggers," and all who have one drop or even half a drop of African blood in their veins, though they may have skins as white as the Empress of the French, are denied that, and every other right of citizenship in the southern portion of the Confederacy. In France, where the people were asked to elect a monarch, and found themselves shortly afterwards under the dominion of an absolute lord and master, the suffrage was not universal, for the women and children were excluded. My scheme for putting an end to the Reform question—for a whole generation, if not for two or three—is based upon the right of every man to a share in the government. Instead of testing this right by the amount of rent or taxes he may happen to pay, I assert the broad principle that every male having attained the age of twenty-one years, being a citizen of a free country, has a natural right to a vote in the management of its affairs.

Do not be frightened, oh, ye timid Conservatives! and do not rejoice too soon, oh, ye rampant Radicals! Wait until you have heard the disqualifications which I propose. Of course I would not open the doors of the county jail, and take out a murderer—a man who is to be hanged on Friday, and allow him to exercise his right as a free Briton, if Mr. Fudge, the candidate for Great Stumpington, were hard up for a majority, and offered him a sovereign, or ten, for the one vote that might chance to turn the scale in his favour. No; in my scheme of Manhood Suffrage, there are many disqualifications, by the aid of which the number of electors would be reduced within safe, reasonable, and manageable limits, and the residuum made so virtuous, respectable, and intelligent, that misgovernment and corruption would become impossible within our happy realm; and the cry of reform made as obsolete as the war-cries of the Picts and Celts, or the language of King Arthur. I shall classify the disqualifications under twelve separate heads, and describe them *seriatim*.

1. I would exclude all paupers living in workhouses, in receipt of outdoor relief, or begging in the streets and roads, and would not allow them to vote until one year after they had ceased to be paupers, and were honestly earning their daily bread.

2. I would exclude all persons in prison for debt or crime, or having been in prison for crime within any period not exceeding seven years previous to the day of election, or for misdemeanour within three years.

3. I would exclude every soldier, from the Commander-in-Chief down to the drummer and fifer, inasmuch as it is the soldier's duty to obey, and not to think for himself; and that, in his military capacity, he has no concern and ought to have none with the civil and civic affairs of a free country. The sailors in the national ships should be excluded, for the same reason, from the admiral of the fleet down to the cook and the cabin-boy.

4. I would exclude every tradesman or shopkeeper who should have been convicted on sufficient evidence before a magistrate of having adulterated beer or bread, gin or wine, coffee or tea, sugar or mustard, or any other article or commodity whatsoever, within a period of three years previous to the day of election.

5. I would exclude every tradesman, shopkeeper, merchant, or manufacturer, who should knowingly have sold, in deficient measure or weight, any article or commodity; or who should have fraudulently imitated the trade-mark or marks of any other dealer or manufacturer at home or abroad.

6. I would exclude any man who should have been convicted by a magistrate, within a period of seven years prior to the day of election, of

having beaten, or starved, or otherwise ill-treated his wife or other woman dependent on his care and kindness; or who being able to work, should have allowed his wife to be the bread-winner, while he lived in drunkenness and idleness.

7. I would exclude for the same reason any one who, within three years, should have cruelly beaten his own child or that of another person.

8. I would exclude any one who, within twelve calendar months, had been fined for cruelty to horse, or ass, or any other animal.

9. I would exclude any one who had within one year been fined for drunkenness, profane swearing, or indecency.

10. I would exclude every linen-draper's shopman or other assistant who sold women's apparel—such as stockings and feminine under-garments generally,—upon the ground that by competing with women for women's natural and appropriate work, he was the unmanly cause of many great social evils and perplexities, of which the starvation of women was among the least, and their social and moral degradation the greatest.

11. I would exclude every man who wore livery and plush breeches of any colour—red, yellow, or green,—until he should have purified himself by three years' abstinence from the attire of a slave.

12. Lastly, it should be imperative that every man, after having given his vote openly and in the face of day, should sign his name in the polling-book. If he were not able to do so, his vote should be struck off the list.

This is my scheme. And now Mr. Radical, what do you say to it? You do not want knaves, and ruffians, and cheats, and swindlers, and wife-beaters, to legislate for us—do you? If you do, I do not. A man may be a man "for a' that;" but such a man is no more to be trusted with a vote than a child of three years old with a revolver or a razor. I am sorry that the necessities of my theory should compel me to include within the circle of disqualification the honest fellow who cannot write; but I believe, were the scheme once converted into law, the number of honest men who could not write would sensibly diminish every year, and that ultimately no such man would be found in our happy isles.

And what do you say to it, Mr. Conservative? Are you afraid that numbers would swamp intelligence under my system? Or that property would not be surrounded with proper safeguards, if all the riff-raff, with or without money, and all the proved knaves were incapacitated by their knavery from meddling with public affairs? The electoral lists would not be very voluminous. Only think of the havoc that my project would make with them—say, for instance, in the metropolitan boroughs of Lambeth, Finsbury, Marylebone, or the Tower Hamlets; in Birmingham or Manchester; among the vendors of short weight and measure, who cheat the poor; and the adulterators of commodities, who cheat and poison both the poor and the rich. Surely, the electoral lists would be well rid of such scoundrels as these. If any among them really valued the suffrage, he could obtain it by ceasing to poison and to cheat the community. This would be a double gain, as every accession to the number of voters, from such a cause, would be a diminution of one of the most dastardly petty villainies known to our civilization. I know very well that Lord John Russell—if he ever laugh—(which is doubtful) will laugh at my scheme, that Mr. Disraeli will treat it with a contemptuous curl of his upper lip, and that Lord Palmerston, blandly smiling, will think that it is not so very bad, and straightway forget it; but I am of opinion that, like the shake of Lord Burleigh's head, it has "something in it." At all events, it would be a virtuous suffrage, which is more than can be said for Lord John's scheme of six-pound householders, or for the fancy franchises of Mr. Disraeli. If the electors of Muffington, or Great Stumpington, or Marishire, or any other borough or county, think anything of the project, and will elect me to Parliament, free of expense, to support it, I, John Wagstaffe, of Wilbye Grange, am their man, and will hold myself at their disposal for a week from this date.

A PLEA FOR NON-SMOKERS.

THE statistics of tobacco are so portentous, and carry the mind up into so many millions of pounds, both sterling and avoirdupois, that we are obliged to admit the herb to be one of the social and financial powers. It holds a divided empire with cotton—that other vegetable dominator. Against tobacco we intend no argument; it is too vast a theme in volume and effects to be so assailed. The London Docks and the revenue tables rise before the vision, and impose silence. A Stuart king tried a "counterblast" in the infancy of its importation; but the Stuarts were blown off the throne, and tobacco remains—one of the chief supports, in a money sense, of the monarchy. We do not wish to lead any kind of revolt or reaction against tobacco itself; but we must remonstrate with some of its lovers, for their tyranny towards those who not only do not share their predilection—but detest it. It may be good for them to smoke; but to compel others to breathe their ejected vapour, at second-hand, is a grievance against which I—as a non-smoker—appeal to all railway boards and directors. Why, when eight persons are locked into the cushioned box of a first-class carriage, should four of the passengers, or fewer, be allowed to suffocate and sicken the others? Why are those who do not smoke to be made martyrs by those who do? Is it any gain to the shareholders to make hours of nausea one of the consequences of paying a first-class fare? The authorities are, of course, ready enough with an answer. "Smoking is strictly prohibited," they say; the by-laws of the company make it punishable, "on conviction," by a fine, and any passenger can object to it, and appeal to the conductor. But, practically, the prohibition, the by-laws, and the power of objection, are all a farce. No one likes to protect himself from one annoyance by encountering another still greater

—a series of quarrels with fellow-passengers, with the certainty of insult and the risk of worse than hard words. A "tip" to the railway porters and guards makes the orders and by-laws a dead letter; and if an objection is made, the hope of a fee keeps them rather on the side of the smokers. Now and then we hear of a "conviction" and fine (which is always "immediately paid"), but we suspect the offenders thus pounced upon are punished, not for smoking, but for parsimony; they have been marked for non-payment of the regular gratuity. The "old hands" may smoke like chimneys, without being interfered with; and if they have not a special immunity, they certainly have extraordinary luck.

The railway companies have adopted a wretched half-and-half paltry system of action in this matter, and it is time it was superseded by an open and honest regulation of a practice too general to proscribe. The attempted proscription of smoking, met by continual evasion, creates a series of evils in connection with what might be rendered a matter of indifference. The selfishness that inflicts positive suffering on the minority is disgusting. The systematic defiance of the written law of the time, the bribery that buys impunity for it, the tyranny of the smokers, and the general submission, or occasional resistance, to their despotism—are all bad; they are bad in themselves and their consequences. The common-sense remedy would be a frank recognition of smoking as a habit, and such arrangements for those who practise it, as will allow them to inhale and exhale at their pleasure, without stifling those to whom "the weed" is nauseous. Many men, and most women, are in this category; and they really have some right to consideration. As the inveterate smoker rarely shows it, when travelling with others, let him have a place apart, where he cannot force the fumes of his cigar or his pipe down throats to which they are hateful. Lock us in, if you will, but give us the choice of an atmosphere that our lungs can breathe.

On the German lines, though they run through populations among whom smoking is still more general than in England, this consideration is shown, and the smokers themselves are better accommodated. There are carriages reserved and marked for the "Nichtraucher." The non-smoker can avoid his relentless enemies; he has no ill-natured squabbles to encounter, and need not appeal to any "by-laws" for the protection that the bought officials do not care to give him. The traveller goes to the carriage where there is no smoking, and there is an end; and if he is a smoker, he finds all the fittings of his carriage adapted to his habit: leather linings instead of cloth, tin boxes for the ashes, and companions who will reciprocate and return his fire, or even vanquish him. We have known three Polish Jews smoke the whole way from Berlin to Ostend without intermission; and their cigars being of the strongest—the vile things the Germans call "moth-destroyers,"—they were almost too much even for the well-seasoned Teutons. Imagine the condition of a non-smoker, shut up for twenty-four hours with these persevering Hebrews! May their like never take tickets with us to Liverpool!

The Americans smoke and, unhappily, chew also; the accompaniments and results of the last habit are more sickening than those of smoking, to all who abstain from both practices. More unhappily still, the chewers cannot be excluded from any public conveyance; in fact, no place, public or private, can in America be secured from the defilement of universal expectoration. It is the national curse, and spoils every floor, and most male digestions of the Republic. But smoking has been subjected to better regulation than in England. It is strictly prohibited in their large railway carriages; and the prohibition is not a sham. There are "cars" appropriated to smokers, where fifty or sixty persons may "compel" such clouds that one end of the carriage is not visible from the other. But they annoy nobody, and, we presume, please themselves. There is nothing to prevent an arrangement similar to that of the American and German lines being adopted here; it need not involve the expense of any carriages of new construction; the old ones are quite good enough to smoke in; only let a certain number of places be known as the smokers' seats—the *estaminet* of the train; let them smoke there, and nowhere else; then enforce strictly the prohibition as to the rest of the carriages. The production of a cigar-case, in the exempted compartments, ought to bring instant expulsion on the offender, whose taste has been provided for elsewhere. In time, when directors openly recognise a common practice, and become a little more liberal, they may furnish a real capacious smoking-carriage for their passengers; but that is too much to expect at once. They have as yet only got as far as having something of the sort for themselves.

THE LITERARY LABOURER.—One of the steps in advance made by our age, is that it has learned to regard all conscientious labour as honourable. But though literature is abundantly honoured in the person of its most distinguished professors, the generals and field-marshal of the great army whose especial business it is to do battle for truth and light against ignorance and falsehood, the world is still inclined to look askance at the rank and file, and grudge us a fair recognition of our services; yet a pen, even when it can work no magic, may be as honest a tool as a spade, if we choose to make it so. *Sursum corda!* Then, lift up your heart, oh, Grub-street! If we are rejected of men, let us look round and back along the files of time, and see what good thing has not been at some time or other. Privately we may acknowledge that perhaps Grub-street itself has been much to blame in the matter. Firstly, because it has not, alas, always used its labouring implement honestly; secondly, it has sneakily acquiesced in Mrs. Grundy's opinion, instead of bidding her avaunt. I must own, though, it is easier for me to do so, sitting here in my hermit's cell, and hearing the voice of the world only afar off, like the noise of many waters. But, be of good cheer, my brother; let us have a respect for the service in which we are enlisted; and how infinitesimally-small soever may be our duty and performance, though we may have not the smallest chance of seeing our names in this world's Gazette, there is no fear that if we have done our best, we shall be finally overlooked by the great commander-in-chief. Honour be to the instruments and the sons of labour, but "*Wer mit Schädels und Gehirn hungernd pflügt, sey nicht vergessen.*"—S.

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THE LONDON REVIEW

AND

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1860.

THE Prince of Wales left England on Tuesday last, to visit the American provinces of the British crown, and for a brief tour in the United States. The Canadian papers which have since arrived show that great preparations are making for the fitting reception of his Royal Highness. It is calculated that the cost of the various receptions to be given to the heir to the British crown will amount to 100,000*l*. This money will be voluntarily expended by the Canadians, as a proof of their loyalty.

An interesting conversation took place on Monday in the House of Lords, with reference to the affairs of Italy. In reply to the assertion of the Marquis of Normanby, that excesses had been committed by the revolutionary party under the command of Garibaldi, it was affirmed by Lord Wodehouse that the Italian leader had adopted the severest measures to check excesses, and had issued a commission to inquire into and punish the perpetrators of them. In the course of the debate, Lord Brougham, with all his ancient and characteristic energy, expressed a hope that the promise of a constitution would not be able to save from a merited downfall "the detestable tyrant of Naples."

The attention of the Lords was on Tuesday called, by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, for many years British ambassador at Constantinople, to the late deplorable massacres in Syria. His lordship gave a detailed history of the outrages committed, and asked what course had been adopted by the British Government to put a stop to them. Lord Wodehouse partly confirmed the statements of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and added that "the Christians were attacked by the Druses in presence of some Turkish troops, who in no way interfered for their protection;" that the Christians had been induced to lay down their arms with a promise of protection, and that when thus unarmed they were barbarously slaughtered. His lordship also stated that orders had been sent out to Admiral Martin to proceed with his squadron to the coast of Syria, for the protection of the Christians; and that the French authorities had sent ships to the coast for a similar purpose.

The clause in the Census (England) Bill requiring the statement from each person of his "religious profession" has, on the motion of Mr. Baines, been struck out of the bill, with the assent of Sir G. Lewis. The latter, on the part of the Government, avowed that he was responsible for its insertion. This being the only clause objected to, the bill passed through committee on Wednesday. On the same day the Irish Census Bill went through committee, but the clause requiring the statement of "religious opinions" was, with the full assent of the Irish members, retained.

The long-established renown of Hercules is in jeopardy. The son of Jupiter in a single night cleared out the Augean stable; but we have in England an Attorney-General who has undertaken to clear out two Augean stables—the Bankruptcy and Insolvency Courts,—and to remove from out of human reach all the filth, the roguery, villany, scheming, and dishonesty, which their administration had accumulated. Hercules only performed twelve labours, but Sir Richard Bethell has to grapple with a Bill of 544 clauses!—to urge it onward between this and the close of the Session—(probably the 12th or 13th of August)—a "little month" from this time!—to carry it safely through the Commons and the Lords! and this in despite of carping critics, watchful foes, and worst of all, of the lawyers—who have been elevated to the peerage. Never did mortal man undertake a task more difficult, hazardous, and, we may add, more praiseworthy. The great vice of our legislation hitherto, upon the relations between debtors and creditors, has been, that our law-makers have gone upon the assumption that all debtors are victims to be pitied, and all creditors heartless and rapacious usurers to be restrained;—"innocence" has been supposed to be characteristic of the former, and "roguery" of the latter. The man who parted with his money or money's worth has been assumed to be a "schemer," and the man who received what did not belong to him, and was indisposed to return it, or give value for it, has been cared for by our legislators as if he was a "dupe." The Debtor and Creditor Bill of Sir Richard Bethell, is based upon common sense and common justice in these matters, and for these reasons we wish it success.

England is, at this moment, engaged in a petty but most deplorable war,—

a war in one of her colonies,—a war waged against the aborigines of New Zealand. The "savages" (as they are called) of New Zealand have shown themselves, when fairly treated, to be not only an intelligent, but a well-disposed, justice-loving, and honest race. They have, however, not at all times been fairly dealt with; and attempts have been made to despoil them of the lands on which they were born. The aborigines are again in insurrection; and in their outbreak they have devastated property, and murdered innocent persons, who were incapable of resisting them. Late accounts from New Zealand give the details of military expeditions, in which hundreds were slain with only a few casualties on the part of the assailants. It is most fitting that murderers should be punished; but it is not fitting that savages should be provoked, by despoiling them of their land, to commit murder. We believe, of all the dark chapters in the history of mankind in all ages and all countries, there are none to be found so deeply dyed in blood and crime as those which truly narrate the misdeeds of civilised races upon the helpless beings that their exterminators condemn as "savages" and "barbarians."

The rifle-shooting at Wimbledon is over; the prizes—hotly contested for and fairly won—have been distributed at the Crystal Palace,—and Teesdale, Flintshire, Buckinghamshire, Lancashire, Manchester, Glamorgan, Edinburgh, Bristol, Lanarkshire, Surrey, Norfolk, Yorkshire, Shropshire, and various other parts of Britain, are welcoming home their champions and prizemen who have afforded to the world the proof that the men of England and Scotland are not only willing but able to defend their homes against a world in arms. One universal feeling of satisfaction pervades the country at the display exhibited on Wimbledon Common, of the British masterhood over the new, effective, and now truly national weapon—the rifle. No native of the British islands, be he Englishman, Welshman, or Irishman, feels the slightest pang of unworthy jealousy, that on this occasion the prime place of all has been won by a Scotchman—young Ross—the son of Captain Ross, who "taught the boy" to shoot amongst the mountains of Ross-shire, and who had already won for himself no slight local fame as "the best shot at deer in all the Highlands."

Additional interest was given to the rifle-match at Wimbledon by the appearance in the lists, as competitors for the prizes, of many fine young men from Switzerland. The same love of liberty, the same desire to repel foreign aggression—which incited the British Volunteers to arm themselves, have long since impelled the free citizens of the cantons of Switzerland to become proficient with the rifle. They have been, for no inconsiderable period, masters of that weapon with which Englishmen are now making themselves acquainted, and soon will prove themselves to be adepts. The Swiss, by their example, have proved the value of the rifle as the best means by which a few brave men can render themselves formidable to ambitious kings and griping kaisers. They came to England to show that the rifle was no useless toy in their hands; and in the various matches in which they engaged they gave full proofs of their efficiency by winning several prizes. The manly feeling of Englishmen towards them was fittingly proved by the hearty cheers that greeted them, as each of these successful champions carried away the prize which his skill had won. Sentiments of mutual regard have for ages been entertained by the Swiss and the English people; and the rifle-match at Wimbledon has served to strengthen such sentiments—to add, if it were possible, to their intensity, and to increase their cordiality. The English have, in the Swiss, living proofs of the value of the rifle as "a national weapon of defence;" and the Swiss have left us, declaring that they have learned here the means of making that weapon still more effective.

The consequences to be expected from the meeting at Wimbledon are of the first importance. An impulse has been given to the military ardour of the people; and the community has been thus urged to employ for a good and effective object those hours which hitherto were merely devoted to recreation. Young men are incited to become Volunteers, and the rifle-matches at Wimbledon show to what good purpose a rifle volunteer can direct his skill and energies. What a pity it is, that at such a time, "a foolish lord" should, by a foolish speech, seek to disturb the national feeling on this all-important subject. We know of few things more mischievous than the declaration attributed to Lord Hardwicke, that he discountenanced the formation of volunteers composed of the working-classes. In the Volunteer Corps there ought to be no distinction of classes: rich and poor—the humble and the lofty—should stand side by side with each other; for, to the poor man his small thatched cabin, and those its shelters, are jewels as dear as the marble palace, and its richly-robed inmates, to the highest noble in the land. Instead, then, of the loyalty of the working-classes being disparaged, it should be appealed to and encouraged; and sure we are that, if the hour of conflict should ever come, and a foreign invader have to be encountered, not even "the belted Earl" of Hardwicke would prove himself braver, stronger, stouter, or more resolute in the fight than the humblest fustian-clad mechanic who, with a rifle in his horny hand, rushed to encounter the foe with the common cry of—"For God, our Queen, and our native land!"

THE latest accounts from Sicily describe Garibaldi as actively engaged in collecting forces; and we know, from his correspondence with this country, that he is endeavouring to procure a fleet. Upon Garibaldi alone, of living men, may be said to centre the hopes of all true Italians, and

sincere lovers of liberty. His countrymen prove the confidence they place in him by flocking from all parts to be enrolled under his standard. Reinforcements are pouring into Palermo; and upon his genius, his valour, and above all, his integrity, depends the *dénouement* of the greatest national drama of our, or of any, time. He has an arduous task to perform; he has to defeat the plots of the Muratists in Naples by his vigilance, to coerce the Bourbon king, and to baffle the selfish policy of the Emperor of the French. The greatest, perhaps, of all dangers that this illustrious patriot has to dread, is the mischief that may be entailed upon him by false and designing men, professing to be his friends. It appears that the first ministry which was foisted upon him as Dictator, used its power to promote Bourbonists to office, and to give to such officials an absolute command over the lives and properties of the Sicilians. That error has now been amended; a new ministry has been nominated which we are informed is giving the greatest satisfaction to the public.

It is difficult to conceive anything worse than the state of affairs in Naples, even though power is for the moment placed in the hands of a purely radical ministry. All confidence is destroyed. No faith is reposed in the promises of the king, and those who take the position of his ministers expose themselves to treachery on the part of their sovereign, and to the suspicion, if not hatred, of their countrymen. "Notwithstanding all the concessions of the king," says a correspondent writing from Naples (July 3), "before I dispatch my letter, the public mind may be calming down, or the whole country may be heaving with revolution." It is whilst men's minds are so agitated we discover traces of a plot to place the crown on the head of one of the Bonapartes. A well-informed correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Turin (July 6), observes,—"What is quite positive is that secret agents have left Tuscany with arms and money, and all of them are well-known partisans of the Murat family." To displace a Neapolitan Bourbon for a Murat would be to get rid of a Nero; in order that the throne might be occupied for a time by an Otho. The friends of Italy—those who wish for its unity, and are ready to die in defence of its independence,—will, we trust, be on the watch, and mar the Muratist plot in its infancy. It would be lamentable to see the sufferings of Poerio, the bravery of Garibaldi, and the sacrifices of the Sicilians, all rendered abortive by an intrigue which, if successful, would only change one tyrant for another. What Naples requires is—liberty; and what Italy stands in need of is—unity. So thinks Garibaldi; and Englishmen of all classes agree with him.

We referred in our last to the telegram stating that a great number of the Maronite Christians of the Lebanon had been slaughtered by the infidel Druses. Letters since received fully confirm the intelligence. We learn from Beyrout (June 21st), that the Druses and their barbarous allies have "overrun and desolated, without exception, all that portion of Mount Lebanon called the Mount of Druses,"—men, women, and children have been massacred,—all bearing the name of "Christian" exterminated. In the same widespread ruin all have perished,—"Catholics, Greeks, and Protestants all treated alike." The crimes, it is stated by a person in Beyrout, having full cognizance of the facts respecting which he writes, "have been done before the eyes of the local authorities, without any interference in favour of the oppressed." Not only have the persons in authority winked at these proceedings, but it is openly declared, have covertly instigated and directly encouraged them—thus proving "that there is a widespread conspiracy to exterminate the Christian race from these parts of the Turkish Empire." In Aleppo, Damascus, Jerusalem, Naupulas, even in Beyrout, the lives of Christians are in peril. Such is the state of things in a country which, when it was occupied by Mehemet Ali, not only secured toleration to Christians, but full liberty to erect churches for the celebration of Divine worship. That wretched and false pretext of liberality, the "Hatti Humayoun," has never for a day bestowed one tithe of the religious liberty and equality which the effective administration of Mehemet Ali rendered secure. By the agreement made with the Porte on the restoration of Syria to his hands, it was permitted to the Maronites and Druses to be governed each by a chief; such chiefs to be subjected to the Mushir, or governor of the Pashalics of Tripoli and Sidon, residing at Beyrout. The unpitied or connived-at massacre of Christians is the proof how the Sultan's Government is carried on. Is this state of things to be continued? Neither Great Britain nor France will permit it. Already has the Emperor of the French declared his determination to interfere, and sent two men-of-war to Beyrout. England also sends two ships-of-war to the same destination, and takes, at such a crisis, the prominent part that becomes her as a great and a Christian nation. Why not do something more? Why not, with the other states that bear the name of Christian, at last perform an act worthy of Christendom? When Mehemet Ali was driven by the united forces of England and Austria out of Syria, the Christian monarchies of Europe could, if they so pleased, have made of it a Christian nation, instead of again subjecting it to the sceptre of the remorseless Turk. In former days all the chivalry of Europe was moved to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of infidels—but, in modern times, Protestant England, and Roman Catholic Austria have given over to the "unbelieving Turk," Bethlehem, and Nazareth, and Calvary!—and the Mahomedan has proved he was worthy of the gift, for the power so bestowed upon him he employs in the brutal murder of defenceless men, of unoffending women, of innocent children, because "they believe in Christ, as the Saviour of mankind!"

SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

WHAT "Memoires pour Servir," exactly suited to your columns, have I not accumulated during the momentous session now in its last throes. My interleaved copy of "Hansard's Debates" I intend to bequeath to the British Museum, and some future Braybrooke. It is an Illustrated Hansard, containing portraits of public characters, some full-length, others only kit-cat etchings of historical scenes, barometrical registries indicating all the changes in the atmosphere of St. Stephens, from "tempestuous" and "stormy" to "set-fair," and a thermometer noting the oscillations of parliamentary temperature, from "freezing point" to "fever heat." In future I shall place my jottings, reflections, and sketches at your disposal. Any one who wishes to realize great debates and understand "Hansard," must place "THE LONDON REVIEW" between each volume of that great parliamentary middleman and pirate.

I need not tell the whole world why I am a Silent Member. Suffice it to say that I am so, and that my natural modesty and embarrassment are aggravated by the difficult political conjuncture of which I am compelled to treat. I try to be judicious, I wish to be conservative, in its best sense, and really hope I am impartial, and yet I am disposed to adopt desperate courses. I like to vote with men of weight and character, yet I find myself sympathizing with some of the noisiest and emptiest men in the House. I distrust Mr. Gladstone the statesman as much as I admire Mr. Gladstone the orator; and yet I incline to follow a leader who never had a follower before, and never deserved one. I regard Mr. Bright with alarm, as a man of extremes; yet on this question he is, to my mind, little better than a temporizer. I should never quote Lord Fermoy, Mr. Isaac Butt, Mr. W. Digby Seymour, or Sir J. V. Shelley, as constitutional authorities who ought to be sent for by her Majesty to form a Cabinet; yet I cannot help suspecting that if Mr. Pym were alive he would be found sitting below the gangway, and would, at the present moment allude to Palmerston as the "noble lord" instead of his "noble friend."

If we mount up from the Privileges of the Commons to the *causa causans*, the Repeal of the Paper Duty, the anomaly of my position is only aggravated. I knew the Chancellor of the Exchequer would want the money, yet I was well-inclined to vote for the abolition of the Paper Duty; and when the Lords threw out the bill, I went home saddened at its temporary loss more than at the usurpation of the right of the Commons, which has since, to my mind, assumed the proportions of a greater and more dangerous wrong.

I heard the speech of England's greatest living orator on bringing in the Budget. I listened to his defence of the Government Reform Bill, and heard him pass sentence of condemnation on the Paper Duty. But I would rather have missed any or all of these brilliant displays than have been compelled to forego the scene last week, when the constitutional question and the Privilege of the Commons came under discussion. Lord Palmerston, after skilfully sailing in the wind's eye, had suddenly put helm-about, and tacked for the Conservative shore. He lost several points in his reckoning, and when he brought-to, it was clear he had drifted to leeward, and was in danger of stranding upon the Derby shoal. His speech had left a feeling of uneasiness and irritation among the Liberal representatives of many large constituencies. Mr. Bright looked dissatisfied, as if he thought the Prime Minister incorrigible. Mr. Gladstone flung himself back on the Treasury bench, pushed his hat from his forehead till it covered only the back of his head, *à la* Rothschild, and in this attitude, with his head almost touching the knees of the ministerial member behind him, he sat, or rather lay, looking at the ceiling, and perhaps revolving mighty schemes against the Upper House. His brow was clouded, and his face pale. It is now known, and was then suspected, that he was suffering from illness, doubtless brought on from the embarrassment of his position and the elemental war going on within. Member after member had mourned to see so strong a redoubt, the key of the position, as some said and many thought, abandoned to an irresponsible and unrepresentative body. A gloom hung over the party below the gangway, and the Ministerial benches were not too well pleased to hear the Derbyite cheers that hailed Lord Palmerston's speech as a triumph.

The House was thin. No Conservative had risen to speak, and, as the debate had gone on for an hour-and-a-half, it was now clear that the Conservative party intended to agree to the resolutions in silence. Scarcely sixty members were present: Mr. Disraeli had gone to dinner; Lord Palmerston was taking his first nap. Lord J. Manners and Mr. Whiteside were almost the only occupants of the front opposition bench. The hour (seven o'clock) was an unusual one for a Minister to select. Great, therefore, was our astonishment when the Chancellor of the Exchequer rose and advanced to the table.

The first sentence was a taunt that "a moiety of the House had determined there should be no debate upon the constitutional principles involved in the Privilege question." This was uttered in a lofty rhetorical tone of remonstrance and rebuke that effectually awakened up the somnolent House. The members below the gangway hailed the right hon. gentleman as the Moses who had come to deliver them from the bondage of lordly taskmasters, and turning their faces to the Treasury bench, listened in an attitude of strained and eager attention. The few Derbyite lieutenants looked uneasy: their leader could not know that Mr. Gladstone was up. Surely, he must have finished his chop by this time, and would soon be with them! The second sentence was the opening of a masked battery, and deserves to be placed upon record:—"Considering that gentlemen opposite are the partisans of a gigantic innovation—the most gigantic and the most dangerous that has been attempted in our times,—I may compliment them upon the prudence that they show in resolving to be its silent partisans." I have heard louder cheering in a full house, but the exultation of Mr. Bright and the members around him burst out into irrepressible and vociferous cries of "Hear, hear," as this sentence was slowly and deliberately unfolded. The effect upon the Derbyite benches resembled a panic. Lord John Manners left the House to fetch Mr. Disraeli. Patroclus Pakington, who had been in the precincts of the House, entered, close to the Speaker's chair, attracted by the cheering, and took his seat by Mr. Whiteside. The Derbyite benches had been, in the early part of the evening, applauding Lord Palmerston with all the more heartiness because every cheer for the Prime Minister was a shaft for his Chancellor of the Exchequer. They were now in the hands of the tormentor. If Palmerston had seemed to be talking at Gladstone, the hour of vengeance was at hand. The shot was to hit the target, and if the Prime Minister had gone within the enemy's lines, and might be struck by the rebound, that was his own affair. The Chancellor of the Exchequer turned to happy account the departure of Aid-de-Camp Manners, and the arrival of Sir J. Pakington. "I am glad to see (he said) that there is some tendency to a movement on the other side." (Derisive laughter and more cheers from the Liberals.) Mr. Bright regarded with a look of admiration the courage and chivalry of the orator, as a Frenchman might have admired a light-cavalry soldier at Balaklava. "Will he never come?" Whiteside seemed to say to Pakington, as the Great Duke may have said at Waterloo, when minutes seemed hours, and no Blücher arrived. The orator had another taunt, perhaps the sharpest in his quiver. "I should like to know with what language and in

what tones those who assume the name of Conservative politicians would argue in support of a great encroachment by one House upon the other." Did he mean to imply that modern Conservatism really means backing up every encroachment upon popular freedom? This was an ugly and damaging charge, and no wonder the Conservatives sat uneasily upon their seats. Mr. Gladstone had next to vindicate himself for not objecting to the resolutions. They were good, as far as they went, and they sufficiently vindicated the rights of the House of Commons by words. Yet the indignant orator, to the inconceivable astonishment of the Derbyites, and the unmeasured delight of the Liberals below the gangway, proceeded to declare that in his opinion "the House would do well to vindicate and establish its rights also by action." This looked like mutiny. Was the orator about to resign, or had he stipulated for the freedom of action he had indicated? Was the member for the University of Oxford about to set up an independent standard, to become the leader of a new party, and declare war against his chief? Was this great question of Constitutional Privilege to be an "open question" in the Cabinet, like the Ballot or Church-rate Abolition? These were some of the speculations that ran through the minds of Mr. Gladstone's hearers, as he declared that he held himself free to support any proposal that offered the slightest promise of success for traversing and revoking the unconstitutional action of the other House.

Among the Liberals who cheered the Chancellor of the Exchequer most vociferously was Mr. Lawson, Sir James Graham's nephew and brother-member for Carlisle. The Netherby Baronet has been the "dark-horse" in this race, voting with the Conservatives in the committee, but defending his vote on technical grounds, based upon the "instructions." But the nephew's cheer was worthy of a mighty son of Nimrod, as he is; and half a dozen others "gave tongue" with equal powers of vociferation. It was also noteworthy that Sir John Shelley alone, upon the Ministerial benches above the gangway cheered the orator. The Ministry and their adherents listened in silence to this menace of possible action; and when Mr. Gladstone sat down, after a lofty, eloquent, and well-reasoned assertion of the rights of the popular branch of the Legislature, not a man said "Hear, hear," or expressed by sound or look the smallest sympathy or approval. The enthusiasm was all below the gangway, and there it was abundant enough.

Lord Palmerston next day said, with charming frankness, that he had no intention of following up his resolutions. He would pursue the controversy with the Lords no further. It is not easy to say what the Commons, in the present temper of the country, could do; and the proof is, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, after all the study he has given to the question, and with all his fertility of resource, is unable himself to suggest any course of present constitutional action which promises any hope of success. If he, with all his ingenuity and subtlety cannot devise a mode of delivering us from the Paper Duty in August, with what hope can we look to Mr. Digby Seymour, or Mr. Isaac Butt, for succour?

I doubt whether the public spirit, or the patriotism, of the present House of Commons will be rated very high either by the constituencies of the empire or by posterity. They showed a month ago upon the Reform Bill, and now upon the Privilege question, that they have but one wish—to get through the session without a dissolution. Out of doors, that portion of the press which is opposed to the abolition of the Paper Duty, has exercised a torpedo influence upon public opinion. The stars, in their courses, have fought, too, for Lord Derby, and the bill for the China War has been presented to John Bull just when that respected individual has no "change" in his pocket, and is obliged to borrow a sovereign or two from a friend in Lombard-street, to his sore vexation, and the bitter humiliation of his Chancellor of the Exchequer.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

THE "season" is drawing to a close. One Opera-house has already ended its subscription. London is beginning to move. Regent-street and Bond-street are thinning. The sessions at institutions and museums are in most cases ended. Still a course of twelve lectures, by Alexander Gordon Melville, in connection with the British Museum have just been commenced in the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn-street, and will be continued on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, till the end of the present month, commencing on each day at three o'clock. These lectures are free.

A new club in Arundel-street, Strand, entitled "The Arundel Club," has recently been established. The list of members includes many well-known names. Another new club, on Liberal principles, is in progress. The house is to be situated in or near Palace-yard, and to be almost within hearing of the division bell.

The Brough Memorial Fund is making satisfactory progress. Three or four of the principal London managers have offered to give benefits in aid, and a grand concert has been announced in St. James's Hall.

In a dignified and gentlemanly letter to the *Times*, M. Eugène Delaporte has made known how ill he has been used by one or two English hotel-keepers. As the representative of the *Orphéonistes*, who have been delighting London by their marvellous chorus-singing, M. Delaporte has not only been overcharged as only an English or Swiss landlord can overcharge, but was actually compelled to learn a little more of our English manners and customs, and to indulge in sight-seeing more than he contemplated, by spending some time at an English "lock-up house." Casual strangers will beware of the hotel and of the landlord indicated.

In a recent discussion in the *Field*, the Hon. Grantly F. Berkeley says,— "I ought to know the English rabbit naturally and scientifically, having studied ornithology, and killed and eaten them all my life." In the same lively manner he further alludes to the whale as an ornithological specimen.

A fine slab of Cornwall Serpentine has lately been placed over the grave of Douglas Jerrold, at Norwood. It bears the following inscription:—"To Douglas William Jerrold. Died June 7th, 1857. An English writer whose works will keep his memory green better than any epitaph."

Messrs. Chapman & Hall have some new books in the press. Mr. Walter White's new work, "All Round the Wrekin," will be out in a few days, and was subscribed "out of print," a technicality known in the trade. A new work by the authoress of "Our Farm," called "From May-time to Hopping," will be published in a few days. "Our Farm of Four Acres" has reached the 16th edition. We are glad to welcome a new authoress in the field—not that authoresses are scarce,—Miss Macready, daughter of the great tragedian, has just finished a volume of poetry, which will be forthcoming immediately.

The fourth edition of Baron Forrester's "Portugal and its Capability" is about to appear. It will contain the new regulations of the Portuguese Government for the free export of the wines of the Douro to England—regulations which have been forced upon Portugal by the recent reduction of English duties upon French wines. Hitherto Port wine has paid a heavy Portuguese export as well as an English import duty.

Messrs. Murray and Heath, the photographic publishers, have just issued an interesting view of the National Rifle Association Meeting, held at Wimbledon. To all those who assisted at her Majesty's first shot, this will prove a valuable memento.

The total expense of the maintenance of the British Museum from its foundation in 1753 to March 31, 1860, has been £1,382,733. 13s. 4d.

T. W. Atkinson, author of "Western and Oriental Siberia," announces a new work, entitled "Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor, and the Russian Acquisitions on the Confines of India and China."

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson announce for auction, on Saturday, July 21st, a valuable collection of autographs, formed by the late E. Crowninshield, of Boston, U.S. They include all the principal names in American history, besides a selection of eminent European names.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson also announce, during the season, the sale of the effects of the late Mr. Joseph Sams. These are a very extensive collection of books, MSS., antiquities, pictures, and autographs. The sale will occupy many days, and will prove highly interesting to collectors.

THE TYPE-PLANS OF ANIMATED BEINGS AND THE SPECULATIONS OF PHILOSOPHERS.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

THE struggles of naturalists after a perfect connected plan of classification have been almost as severe as the struggle for life which Mr. Darwin points out in animated nature. We see, however, certain organs, certain peculiarities prominently developed in some members of one group of animals or plants of which the genera and species are linked together by the bond of these common characteristic modifications of one of the primitive type-plans. Let us look for one moment at the mammalian class,—let us even select one limb only to simplify our meaning. Take, then, the fore-limb of locomotion—and out of the same number of bones, with a nearly like relative disposition to each other, we have the arm of man, the wing of the bird and of the bat, the flipper of the seal, and the fin of the fish. Let us restrict our exemplification within still narrower limits, and take the foot alone, and see to what an extraordinary extent its component bones are modified and adapted to various uses and purposes in the various groups; and while we look at the few selected examples given in our woodcut—restricted, necessarily, by our limits, to the smallest number of examples,—let us bear in mind that similar although slighter modifications are to be found in every single species, and that even individuals are not exempt from minor but ostensible variations of those least specific modifications.

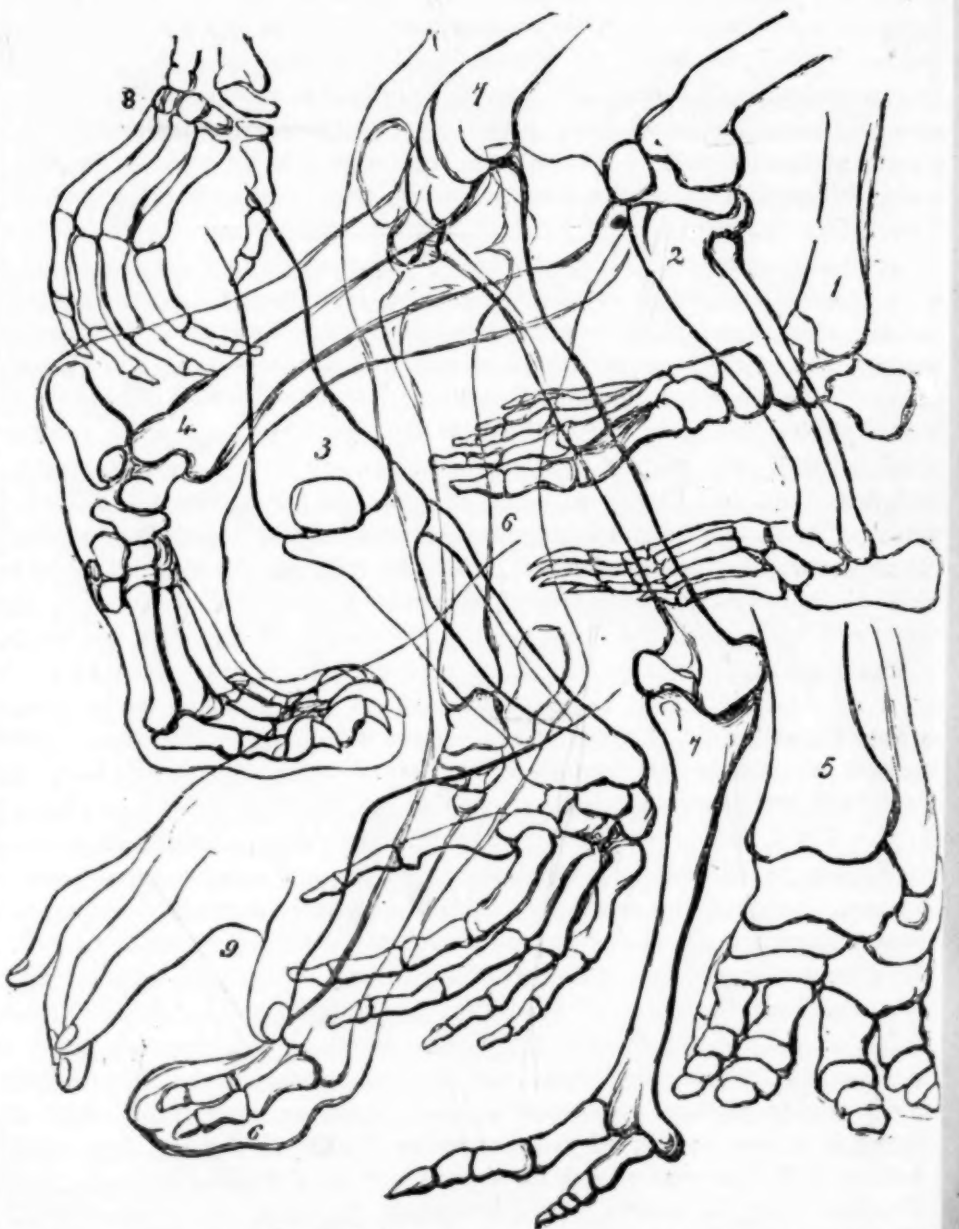


Fig. 1. Human foot. Fig. 2. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 3. Foot-hand of gorilla. Fig. 4. Hind-limb of lion. Fig. 5. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 6. Hind-limb of camel. Fig. 7. Leg of ostrich. Fig. 8. Hand of gorilla. Fig. 9. Human hand.

One remarkable example of specific modification is afforded by the front-paws of animals of the lion or cat tribe in the sheaths into which their claws are retractable, and by which they are preserved sharp and clean, ready for

use. Whilst digressing thus back again to the fore-limbs, we may allude to the remarkable condition of the human hand, in respect to the length of the fingers. If you will place your hand on the table, you will see at a glance that the middle finger is the longest, and that the third (between the middle and little fingers) is next in length, while the thumb, or inner finger, is shortest of all. In vertebrate animals, with pentadactyle limbs this, as a general rule, holds good, and in those which have a less number of fingers or toes it is the representatives of the middle and third fingers which occupy the chief positions; while in the monodactyle foot of the horse it is the equivalent of the middle finger, which is modified into the hoof. We seem thus obliged to recognise the middle or longest finger as the most primitive. The tridactylate foot of the ancient reptiles is represented in the fore, middle, and third fingers of the human hand; the four-toed limbs next appear in order of succession; and, lastly, the thumb or pentadactyle form is produced. With progression of development, or from some other unknown cause, this seemingly last-added part, while so short and so laterally placed in the monkey tribe that those animals cannot touch with it the tips of each finger of the same hand, becomes considerably elongated, and placed opposably in man, who can perform this, to him, simple operation with the greatest facility, for it is this adaptation which gives to his hand its exquisitely varied capabilities and its wonderful perfection.*

I can never pass that wonderful ape, the gorilla, peering with its large glass eyes from its corner case in the British Museum, without stopping and wondering at the strange likeness between that half-human face and the dark, unsightly features of the negro. There seems the like thick lips and flattened nose and low receding forehead: but here I pause, and look at the creature's bony framework. There is the same type-plan of the mammalian class—vertebrae formed on the same principle, skull of the same number of conjoined bones; ribs, arms, legs, feet, teeth, nails, all like modifications of the same constructive parts as we see throughout the entire class, but yet widely differing from those of man. The bear's approaches far more nearly to the human foot than does the hind-hand of the gorilla; the whole hind-limb of the former resembles that of man, and hence the capability of the bear for walking on its hinder limbs, its unsteadiness of gait arising from the reversed size of the toes, the inner being, contrary to man's, the smallest. Nothing, perhaps, is more remarkable in the differences between the gorilla and man than the differences of the capabilities of the hind-limbs. For example, take a man in the act of ascending a flight of stairs. This common attitude is impossible in the gorilla. The bear, as we know from the wandering dancing specimens in our streets, can alternately balance itself on either hind-foot; but the gorilla could not, by reason of the construction of its hind-limbs, repose the weight of its body on one foot, but would be forced to mount the steps on all-fours. There are other characters between the skeleton of the gorilla and man that the most casual observer could easily detect, and which place a great—but we can scarcely say we think an insuperable—gap between the mere organisation of the highest known *Quadrumana* and that of Man. We all feel how objectionable to our pride is the idea of tracing back our ancestry to a monkey, although some arguments on the principle of inheritance might be well maintained against some of us for the mischievous propensities we might be presumed to have thus retained. There is ample scope, however, for debating the great principles of development and natural selection in the wide field of the rest of Nature, without going into the question at all of the first development, or the first creation of man. There is something so transcendently superior in the divinity—I know not how else to express it—of man's soul, that places him, at least for the present, quite out of the argument. But if it be truth that we must look back to one of those hirsute progenitors, and we should hereafter be forced to admit it, it will be something for Mr. Darwin's theory, that it necessitates our descent from the best, and not the worst of the tribe.

Now look back into the past, and pterodactyles, ichthyosaurs, hippotheres, mammoths, and many another of the strange and less familiarly-known animals of the geological ages, rise up and show like modifications of the same primitive type-plans from the earliest era of life to our own. Look back at the plants,—and there were some which grew by outer rings of bark and wood, and some by an inner growth, like canes and reeds. Look around, and they are growing so still.

Why, if repeated creations of species have been evoked, after repeated intervals, by the Great Ruler of all things, have these creations borne the stamps of the same unmistakable type-plans? Why, if some species were created at particular spots, and adapted to particular conditions, do we find other species or varieties in some neighbouring or distant places, under similar or different conditions, so like each other, that naturalists can neither agree as to the distinguishing features between them, nor determine how much variation should go to constitute a species, and how much should be restricted within the term variety. If varieties and species progressively merge into each other, why should not species diverge into genera. Admit this, and genera must be admitted to diverge into families, and families ultimately into classes. But here we must stop—at least for the present.

Let us take a glance in another direction, and ask—What is the meaning in nature of rudimentary limbs or organs? Why are creatures endowed with that which is useless to them? Look at the ox: the incisors of its lower jaw are strong and well-developed; in strict unison with its requirements for cropping grass they bite against the flat toothless surface of its upper jaw or skull. Why in the calf when young—through whose gums they are never cut, who has no possible use for them—are these rudimentary upper incisors developed for a time, to be ultimately absorbed away?

All these difficulties upon the principle of special creations for every species are inexplicable. But not so on the natural principle eliminated by Mr. Darwin, if that author be correct in the conclusions he has drawn from nature that these type-forms are inherited by progressive descent.

Let us turn now to another and very different class of facts. Do you know any of those few lowly-organised fish which naturalists have grouped as cyclostomes? Did you ever see the "glutinous hag," with its one recurved palatal tooth thrust into the body of the codfish as a holdfast, while it sawed, with the lingual plates of sharp-pointed teeth with which its sucking mouth on either side is armed, into its victim's flesh, and rasped its way

into its vitals. Other similar horrors in the habits of some parasitic animals immediately occur to one's mind, and make one almost shudderingly ask if the Great Creator could call into existence such monsters; but these fearful ideas vanish with the belief that natural circumstances in some exceptional cases might lead to their undesigned development, and that being adapted to no useful end, their kind must ultimately, in the struggle for life, perish.

Let us here, still more clearly, if we can, understand the principle of accumulated variation on which Mr. Darwin founds one essential part of his theory.

"Owing to this struggle for life, any variation, however slight, and from whatever cause proceeding, if it be in any degree profitable to an individual of any species, in its infinitely complex relation to other organic beings, and to external nature, will tend to the preservation of that individual, and will generally be inherited by its offspring. The offspring, also, will thus have a better chance of surviving; for, of the many individuals of any species which are periodically born, but a small number can survive. I have called this principle, by which each slight variation, if useful, is preserved by the term of natural selection, in order to mark its relation to man's power of selection. We have seen that man, by selection, can certainly produce great results, and can adapt organic beings to his own uses, through the accumulation of slight but useful variations, given to him by the hand of Nature. But natural selection, as we shall hereafter see, is a power incessantly ready for action, and is as immeasurably superior to man's feeble efforts, as the works of Nature are to those of Art. . . . It may metaphorically be said that natural selection is daily and hourly scrutinizing, throughout the world, every variation, even the slightest; rejecting that which is bad, preserving and adding up that which is good; silently and insensibly working, whenever and wherever opportunity offers, at the improvement of each organic being, in relation to its organic and inorganic conditions of life. We see nothing of these slow changes in progress until the hand of time has marked the long lapse of ages; and then, so imperfect is our view into long-past geological ages, that we only see that the forms of life are now different from what they formerly were. . . . A struggle for existence inevitably follows, from the high rate at which all organic beings tend to increase. More individuals are produced than can possibly survive, and, therefore there must be this struggle for existence, either one individual with another of the same species, or with individuals of distinct species, or with the physical conditions of life."

Thus the tendency of individuals to vary, inherited and carried on continuously by the progeny, but prevented from a general intermingling by the natural opposition of one form of life to another in the general struggle for existence, gradually and imperceptibly modifies the offshoot of the original species into a new and differently-adapted form, or, in other words, gives rise to a new species. So beautiful is this idea, so accordant with the silent changes of Nature in her ever serene aspect, so worthy of the wonderful far-seeing design and power of the Infinite, that we may yet fairly entertain it, if even we should hesitate to adopt it as a primary cause, as a subsidiary principle, modifying within the restricted limits of the great Creator's type-plans, that varied fauna and flora which forms the glorious charm of our beautiful world.

Undoubtedly we may safely regard it in this modified light until future deep and patient researches shall have brought together such an amount of experiences and facts as will either establish its general applicability, or teach us to look in some other direction for an explanation of one of Nature's greatest mysteries.

In our next and concluding article on this topic, we shall go back into the far past, and see what evidence Geology brings to bear from the great roll of the Earth's history.

INAUGURATION OF HOGG'S MONUMENT AT ST. MARY'S LOCH.

BY ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

SCOTLAND has at length discharged a debt long owing to the memory of one of her sons. In November, 1835, a band of sincerely sorrowful mourners—plain illiterate shepherds in their grey plaids, to whom he had endeared himself as a neighbour, men of letters who had been attracted by his genius and *geniality*,—bore, in slow procession, past St. Mary's Loch, the lifeless remains of the poet of the "Queen's Wake" to their last, lowly, lonely resting-place in Ettrick. Not until a quarter of a century had wellnigh elapsed—until June, 1860,—did his countrymen see fit to rear him a monument, to tell to wandering tourist that his remembrance has not faded from among the people of his native glens. Not, indeed, that he needed a stone to perpetuate his fame: that is engraven deep on the everlasting hills; and St. Mary's Loch must utter his praises so long as it contains a drop of water to ripple over its pebbly bed. Not for the poet, but for the people, was it well that a monument should be erected; and not for the people themselves, whose respect and admiration can be but poorly expressed, even in the finest "Denholm Sandstone," except to take away the reproach of the stranger who visits Ettrick or Yarrow without finding a memorial of the shepherd-poet who had hither led his feet.

Thursday, June 28th, was a red-letter day in the calendar of Ettrick Forest,—for forest it is still called, though

"The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourished once a forest fair,—

that often rang with sound of royal bugles, when royalty's staghounds pulled down noble hearts. An out-of-the-way place, and a solitary, is the forest; and its silence and solitariness have been well described by Hogg, or some one in his character in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." He says: "A great road runs through't, but aften hae I sat on a knowe commanding miles o't, an' no ae single speck astir as far as the ee could reach, no a single speck, but aiblins a sheep crossing, or a craw alichting, or an auld crouching beggar-woman that ye thoct was leaning motionless on her stick, till by and by ye discerned the colour o' her red cloak, and, a gly while afterwards saw, rather than heard, her praying for an awmous, wi' shrivelled hauns faulted on her breast, or, in their palsy, held up heavenwards so beseechingly as to awaken charity in a meeser's heart."

Hogg, vain as he was (he had a considerable share of vanity, and not without good reason—he, a poor uneducated shepherd, having by the force of his own genius raised himself to be the admired companion of the first literary men in Scotland, when London was not so much the centre of intellect as it is now), could hardly have put much faith in the prophecy of

* The gorilla can very clumsily approach this action.

North, six-and-thirty years ago, that he should one day have a statue here. "My beloved shepherd," says North, "some half century hence your effigy will be seen on some bonny green knove in the forest, with its honest free-stone face looking across St. Mary's Loch, and up towards the Gray Mare's Tail, while by moonlight all your own fairies will weave a dance round its pedestal." But even if he had placed confidence in the prediction, he could not certainly have imagined that the inauguration of the monument would have attracted so many people to such an out-of-the-way place.

Up and down that great still road from Selkirk and from Moffat—the two nearest points from which railway communication is available,—vehicles of all sorts and sizes rattled, from an early hour in the morning, with visitors from Glasgow and Edinburgh, and divines from these and intermediate stations. From Peebles and that direction came jovial youths, with fishing-rods in their hands, and creels over their shoulders, to do honour to one of their order—for Hogg was an enthusiastic angler,—and also at the same time to cast a fly in St. Mary's Loch, or a worm in the Meggatt or the Yarrow. Across the lonely moors stalked stalwart shepherds in their plaids; and ploughmen and servant-girls, from far farmhouses, came on foot or in carts, in their Sunday apparel, to show their gratitude to the poet whose songs had cheered many of their solitary gloaming-hours—who had told them of a secret

"That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame."

And last, there was one enthusiastic photographer, who had borne a huge camera across weary hills, to catch a fleeting glimpse of the scene.

And all these had gathered beside Tibby Shiels's cottage. Tibby, whose dwelling was celebrated twenty-six years ago in the "Noctes," and who herself is there described as an auld bird that had long lost its mate, is still alive to minister to the wants of hungry anglers. Tibby's house is described in one of the "Noctes" as a wren's nest, by the Shepherd, as an ant-hill by North, and as a bee-hive by Tickler. Each give good reasons for their own description; but Tickler's is the one decidedly most applicable to the appearance of the cottage on the day of the inauguration of the Hogg Monument,—only that the human bees swarmed in to devour whatever honey was in the hive, instead of to deposit what they had culled from the flowers, and that the queen-bee, Tibby, in her neat old-fashioned widow's cap, was, though her years are now seventy and seven, the very reverse of a drone.

One o'clock was the hour fixed for the inaugural ceremony. At that time the rain had somewhat abated, but it still fell hissing into the loch, and with rattling tearing sound on 200 or 300 umbrellas, which the more sagacious had brought with them. Nevertheless, at this hour, some 300 or 400 persons, chiefly shepherds, were enthusiastic enough to form in procession at Tibby's cottage, and, headed by a gallant piper of the 42nd regiment, Donald Bain (namesake of one whom Hogg has immortalized), they marched across the bridge over the stream uniting St. Mary's Loch and the Loch of the Lowes, with banners, some national and some local,—one or two with Latin mottoes, which doubtless the shepherds knew all about,—and one with the picture of some animal called "Hector," which was charitably supposed to be intended for the poet's favourite dog of that name—to the hill-side opposite, where stood the statue, robed in dripping-wet canvas, as melancholy a looking object as one could wish to see. To the east of the statue was erected a wooden platform, for the use of the inaugurator, Sheriff Bell, of Glasgow, a gentleman of genial literary sympathies, and himself a poet, the monument committee, reporters, and other chief personages, who included three of the poet's daughters. The "observed of all observers," however, was the master of the ceremonies, the Albany Herald from Edinburgh, with his long flowing hair and beard, dressed in the costume, as we were told, of a border-minstrel of the olden time—black velvet hat and feather, blue satin tunic, black knee-breeches and stockings, a silver chain-badge of his rank as an esquire, with links only a little smaller than the anchor-chain of a man-of-war, suspended over his shoulders, and falling down over his breast, with other badges and decorations "too numerous to mention," as the auctioneers' programmes have it; altogether a sight not to be seen in the forest every day, as the open-eyed and open-mouthed wonder of the shepherds plainly told. This striking and gorgeous individual now came forward and announced that the nation had subscribed £400 for a monument to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and that that monument was now to be inaugurated, the inauguration to commence with prayer.

Prayer over, Mr. Currie, the sculptor, a local gentleman who had gained some celebrity by a monument erected to Mungo Park, in Selkirk, uncovered the statue. It represents the poet seated, in shepherd's garb, on a moss-covered root, supposed to be one of the relics of the old forest. Two bracken blades from a stem behind fall over the shepherd's seat, the base of which is encircled by ivy. The poet's right hand, outstretched in a somewhat stiff and uneasy manner, rests upon a stout walking-stick, while in his left he holds a scroll, upon which is engraved the last line of the "Queen's Wake," the first word, however, being changed,—

"He taught the wandering winds to sing."

At his feet, on the left, reposes his dog Hector,—not like the portrait on the banner, but like that "faithful Hector" which the shepherd has described as "sitting like a very Christian by my side, glowing far aff into the glens after the sheep, or aiblins lifting up his ee to the gled hovering close aneath the marbled roof of clouds." Around the top of the pedestal are twined oak-leaves and acorns, a ram's head being carved at each corner. On each of the side-panels of the pedestal is inscribed a verse from the "Queen's Wake." The front bears the inscription—

"JAMES HOGG,
THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.
Born 1770. Died 1835."

(Whether the sculptor had better means of ascertaining the date of his birth than his biographers we know not; but it will be observed that he differs from them all in placing the poet's birth in the year 1770, it being usually given in 1772.) Above this inscription is the representation of a harp, which, again, is surmounted by a queen's head (Queen Mary probably) surrounded with a wreath of flowers. The monument is altogether eighteen feet high, the figure being eight feet and a-half and the pedestal

nine feet and a-half in height. One of Hogg's daughters testified to the excellence of the statue, so far as the likeness is concerned.

The unveiling of the statue was the signal for a burst of cheering that must have startled "the little people" of the hills and glens, as they lay hidden in the heatherbells or the buttercups, very considerably; and it was renewed with even greater enthusiasm on the conclusion of Sheriff Bell's admirable and effective speech.

Sheriff Bell had scarcely commenced his address when the sun shone out beautifully, "as if in sympathy with the object of the gathering," as the papers said; and the blithe lark soaring up, with glad voice, carried the intelligence of the proceedings to "the gateways of the day."

The statue inaugurated, the privileged part of the company rushed off to the marquee, to dine; the unprivileged portion sought Tibby's and the tent "from Moffat."

Of the proceedings in the tent, after dinner, more need not be said, than that they partook of the poetry of the scene. All these may be imagined, as well as the awful stillness of the glens and hills, when the monument was left to solitude and the fairies. And doubtless the two or three anglers who remained all night at Tibby's, saw, if they were watching, "bonnie Kilmeny" come down the glen "lete in the gloaming," and—while

"Her voice, like the distant melodye
That floats along the silver sea,"

chanted his praises,—with her hands weave a wreath of immortal flowers from the "land of love and lychte," around the brows of the poet's effigy.

THE SCIENCE OF THE SEASHORE.—No. I.

INTRODUCTORY.—THE SANDS.

At this season, happy memories of the seashore, and its peacefulness and seclusion, recur to many an inland resident. The fresh seabreeze seems necessary to success among the odours of city and town. The toils of the counting-house or the manufactory have told severely upon paterfamilias, and even the roses upon the younger and fairer tenants of the parlour and drawing-room languish and begin to fade. Neither allopathy nor homeopathy can restore these. The best tonic is sea air; the best medicine marine walks; the best globules the sands of the shore. What a month or two at the seaside can do for the body every one knows; but few are aware what it can do for the mind. This latter it is our purpose to show; and our hope is that, instead of idly passing the long hours of the summer or autumnal day, without a thought to treasure up or a lesson to learn, our readers may, with our assistance, derive as much benefit to the mind as to the body from their marine sojourn, and that without too close addiction to study, and to great a burden of forbidding technicalities.

A seashore is Nature's museum. In Britain it is in truth the British Museum—department of natural history. Some inland things are wanting, and of the tenants of the air we have only an occasional seagull or stormy petrel. But a glance at any natural history museum will show how large a portion of its treasures are due to the sea and its marginal boundary. The shells, the molluscs, the annelides, the crustaceans, the corals and the coral lines, and the polished pebbles—not to speak particularly of the great tribe of fishes,—are all the proper produce of the deep, and the gatherings of the strand; while no small portion of the geological specimens are extracts from cliffs and rocks that overhang and underlie the shores of the ocean. When, therefore, we treat of the science of the seashore, we treat of a considerable section of natural science, and that section which is most likely to interest the multitude, for it is most natural that we should be desirous of learning the nature of the objects beneath our eyes and feet in the days of our leisure, and in the happy and healthy hours of our hard-earned holidays. In this respect, too, it is the best school of natural science, the best educational course, and the most suitable locality for a series of lessons upon objects—the objects are laid before us by Nature, the lessons shall be given by student of Nature who has himself trodden our shores year after year, and gathered not a few "unconsidered trifles" during what he remembers as the most healthful and the happiest hours of his life. He began his wandering in early boyhood, and will not, therefore, be unmindful of those who are still boys. He began when science of this kind was far less cultivated than it now is, and he has mused and puzzled over many a marine enigma which is now solved and recorded amongst the archives of the careful investigator who have sprung up of late years, both at home and abroad.

The moment we set our feet upon the seashore many questions occur to us respecting the shore itself, and these shall be first considered. Here are the sands—dry walking and dry talking! Can any man find anything scientific in sand? Certainly; and much that is very interesting, when freely pondered. Every grain of this immense accumulation has its interest. It has travelled far; it has travelled by water, and has come by a circuitous course to its present resting-place. It is originally as much a marine as river product; for the rivers bear down the sands in mechanical suspension, or force them forward over the bottom of the sea. They are derived from the wearing away of cliffs and sandstone rocks, and probably from the attrition of the pebbles and shingles upon beaches. Shells and corals, also, are triturated by the action of the billows, and add their grains to the vast heap beside them.

Mentally, as some philosophers think, the world is going to seed; materially, much of it is certainly going to sand, silt, and shingle. The hardest and densest rocks are subject to attrition by breakers: there is nothing that cannot be worn away in time by sea-water; and one great result of the ceaseless assaults of billows upon rocky bastions is the perpetual addition of grain to grain among circles of sand. A high authority has told us that there is nothing new under the sun; and we might be almost warranted in adding that there is nothing new under the sea. As regards the formation of sand, this is true; for we have every reason to conclude that the way in which it is formed now, was the way in which it was formed millions of years ago. Primæval shores were doubtless opened out from the degradation of primæval rocks. These becoming consolidated into sandstone were subject in some cases to what is termed *metamorphism*, and thus many of the rocks composing our hardest and highest mountains were once in grains upon the untrodden shores of a world almost incalculably old. Others were not metamorphosed, but still manifestly remained as sandstone. To reduce these was easier and

speedier work. The waves worked and the rains dashed at their reduction. It was impossible for the boldest cliff to withstand these potent enemies. Those very rocks that were picked up grain by grain, are grain by grain brought down. Production and reproduction are not limited to the animal creation. Dull, dead matter seems to be under the same law, though under a different phase. Aggregation and disintegration build and overturn the rude material of our earth. The arenaceous (sandy) strata have had their primeval times of travelling, their subsequent times of quiet consolidation, and now, wherever they are within reach of the restless ocean, they must have their times of travelling again. They have been loose grains, they have been solid rocks,—they are once more to be loose grains. Sand they first were, and to sand they shall return. Half the world, as we hinted, is going to sand, and if the world should last as long as it has already lasted, it would not be extravagant to say that aqueous and atmospheric, and other natural agencies, might effect the disintegration of every particle of rock, and the solid globe itself be one day reconstructed out of its own ruins! Is there not, then, much interesting philosophy to be got out of meditations upon the sands? True, all these theories demand thought, observation, and the power of drawing legitimate, and well-sustained inferences; but for this very purpose are we now reclining upon the shore, free from business and far from the common cares of the jostling and struggling city.

The free winds of heaven are blowing in our faces, and bracing our nerves, but they are also doing other and less familiar and refreshing duty—they are at work with the sands, carrying them forward and far; and every vigorous blast, like every soaring balloon, has its ballast of sand. Station yourself any day upon a sandy shore when a strong wind is blowing and the air is tolerably dry, and you may observe the manner in which grains of sand are transported inland, and mark the various modifications of surface arising from the depositions of sand among sea-weeds or pebbles. Some grains are held in mechanical suspension by the wind at a height of an inch or two from the sandy surface beneath, while the friction of the air upon the latter retards the current of wind, so that similar grains of sand are merely slowly swept along the bottom. When these two sets of grains meet, they form a small heap, which is slowly but surely increased, grain by grain, until it becomes a sand-hill. This again becomes enlarged until it arrives at the eminence of a *dune**—such being the name given to those numerous mounds of blown sand which skirt our own shores in some places, as in the neighbourhood of Yarmouth, and along the Norfolk coast, and numerous also on part of the coast of Cornwall. For whole days have we walked amongst the Norfolk dunes, and curious barrow-like mounds does that coast present to us, as if whole shores were but old British burying-places, underneath which the bones of once-naked and painted savages reposed; but nothing, in fact, is buried there, save a few shells and sea-weeds. The wind has done all this; it has raised monuments to its own powers, and it does not overthrow them, though they are loosely built and utterly unprotected; without foundation, without definite form, without mortar, without a single bond of union or binding juncture, there they stand safe and unmoved, there runs along the coasts of Holland, and Denmark, and Spain, wind-monuments, reared out of one material, and that the simplest in nature,—reared, too, by an invisible agent, the sole visible proofs of long-past breezes and whirlwinds!

In some few localities the sand-hills are largely composed of shells ground down by the sea-breakers to the minutest fragments; and we have noticed in such cases a tendency to the consolidation of the parts, resulting in sandstone. A calcareous consolidated sandstone of this kind, at New Kaye, on the northern coast of Cornwall, has long been employed as a building stone. The neighbouring church of Cranstock is constructed of it, and very ancient stone coffins, composed of the same consolidated sand, have been discovered in the adjoining churchyard. So firm is this modern sandstone, that where it passes into a sort of conglomerate, hard pebbles can be broken by a blow dealt out to them upon a block of the sandstone, without fracturing the sandstone itself; and a violent blow from a sledge is necessary to break it where most indurated. On the shore opposite Godrevy Island an immense mass of it occurs, of more than a hundred feet in length and from ten to twenty feet in depth, containing entire shells and fragments of clay slate, while the whole mass assumes a striking resemblance to stratified rocks, or rocks disposed in layers. The component sand may be supposed to have been brought from the sea, and from other shores, by hurricanes, at a remote period. At the present time its advance is singularly arrested by the growth of peoni (*arundo arenacea*). Here, then, we have a rock forming before our eyes; here we have sand in process of conversion into hard sandstone. The carbonate of lime in the shells is acted upon by the carbonic acid in rain waters, and additions are made from decomposing vegetation when plants have established themselves upon the surface of the sand. Carbonate of lime is thus held in solution, and agglomerates the grains of sand together until finally they become indurated and serviceable to man in building and in agricultural uses, in churches and in coffins.

Sands, however, are not always quietly consolidated or peaceably heaped up. A dune is commonly a fixture, but not always. When the winds are very powerful, and prevail from the same quarter, the dunes themselves show a tendency to move in the same direction, and before the blast. Then they produce changes upon the low lands, and even upon slopes of adjoining hills. Considerable encroachments upon the land have thus taken place within the historic period, as in the Bay of Biscay. When the dunes do begin to move, they move with certainty and tolerable speed for such incoherent and singular bodies. Their advance has been found to be at the rate of sixty and seventy feet per annum. Before them they force lakes of fresh water, formed by the rains, which cannot find a passage into the sea in the shape of streams. Houses, cultivated lands, and forests disappear before them and beneath them. In the middle ages, many villages were known which have now by them been covered over. Ten villages in the department of the Landes alone were threatened with destruction not many years ago. Cuvier informs us that one of these villages, named Mimisau, had been fighting for twenty years against the sands, and yet that one sand-hill, more than sixty feet high, was almost visibly advancing upon it. The position of some lakes being altered by the sands, the former invaded, in 1802, five fine farms belonging to St. Julien, and they have since covered a Roman causeway which led from Bordeaux to Bayonne, and which was seen about forty-five years ago when

* Probably from the Danish, *du*, sand; or the Saxon, *duna*, a hill.

the waters were low. The Adour, once known to flow by Vieux Boucant, and to fall into the sea at Cape Breton, is now turned aside more than a thousand toises—that is, about 6,400 English feet, or somewhat less than a mile and a quarter,—and all by the sands.

This dead, dull sand, then, as it seems to the unthinking and unknowing, is no contemptible part of the material world. It is hardly *dead*, for it flies about on the wings of the wind; it is hardly *dull*, for it travels in its own fashion at a steady but sure pace; it is hardly *contemptible*, for it can threaten man in his houses and farms. It is, indeed, an important component, as well as a formidable opponent. As the latter, it can control man and his mightiest works. It can bury his burial-places themselves; it has surmounted Egyptian temples, and is fast climbing up lofty pyramids; it half covers the huge sphinxes; it veils from us many an architectural triumph of Egypt's earliest rulers; it holds monoliths under its vast desert sea; and it hides hieroglyphs from the eye of the eager Egyptologist. Confessedly, many wonders are under the sea; are there not as many under the sands? But, on the other hand, as a component of our shores and our rocks, it affords us a firm foundation, and it is one of the pillars of the earth. A single grain of it is a singular proof and illustration of Nature's powers of reduction; a single rock of sandstone is as great a proof, in the reverse order, of the wonderful power which, through long and unrecorded centuries, has built up the vastest bulks out of once loose and incoherent particles.

Such is the mere foundation of one part of our shores: the yielding substance which bears the impress of our wandering feet,—the playground of the sportive waves, and apparently the least interesting of all substances around us. Yet every particle has a history and a destiny. Still as it seems, it has already gone a long round, and may yet again set out upon its travels, and help to bury fields and farms, depopulate villages, and bar the flow of many waters. It may march before the trade-winds, to arouse distant deserts, surmount minarets, and once more hide the glories of nations under a dead and arid level!

A SOCIAL PROJECT.

ALREADY the centrifugal force which always tends to empty the metropolis of its inhabitants at a certain period of the year is beginning to be felt. This year there has been no spring and as yet very little summer; nevertheless, the days of the calendar, bringing round again the usual period of departure, are succeeding each other with arrestless steps, in spite of barometer and thermometer, and all London will soon be shaking its wings for flight. It is rather curious to reflect how this time of secession is practically determined. The feasts of the Church, regulating the terms of the lawyers at Westminster, had the earliest influence in fixing the London season. It was protracted by the growing business before Parliament far beyond its old limits, under which no person of fashion remained in town after the celebration of George the Third's birthday in early June; and it is now chiefly kept within bounds by the natural habits of certain northerly birds, whose very name was unfamiliar to the Londoners of fifty years ago. By considerations belonging to the department of ecclesiastical antiquity, and by the modern pursuit of grouse, is decided the season of recreation for thousands of persons who never give a thought to one or the other. On the whole, however arbitrarily established, the present arrangement for holiday-taking, by those whose avocations oblige them to live in or about London during the greater portion of the year, is probably the best. July, August, and September are, no doubt, in many respects, less enjoyable in town than April, May, and June. It is hardly fair, however, to attempt to conclude the argument, as is so often done, by asserting in the usual way that September is certainly the worst month to pass in London. Let common justice be done to this vilified portion of the year. Has this unhappy and much-abused month ever had a fair trial on the question of its claims to be ranked as a time for agreeable residence in Belgravia, Tyburnia, Bloomsbury, or St. Marylebone? Is it ever likely to get it, in the only way it can, by the universal consent of a considerable number of persons to stay at home in London, and see what a September in an undeserted city would be like? At present, and under the existing régime, the great centre of life is universally abandoned in September. Carpetless floors, brown-holland covers, and dismantled rooms, aggravate the horrors of solitude. Workmen and painters, at their septennial or triennial task, increase the score of danger and discomfort, within and without. The drains, deprived of their usual supplies from many a bath, vent their complaints to the upper air in distressing appeals to the noses of the few wanderers along the desolate pavements. Empty houses, without men, women, or children, remain in awful loneliness, only to remind us of the joys that are gone. Life and society are the soul and charm of a great city. Without these it would be as dreary in May as in September.

We now proceed to unfold a project which appears highly deserving of attention, and which is mentioned thus early, in order that persons who may be wise enough to avail themselves of it may have ample time to make their arrangements accordingly. To try the experiment of an autumn in London with any fairness, it is obvious that May and September must be made to change places—not indeed in the almanac, but morally and socially. Everybody should agree to stay in town. The partridges should have a month's respite from their annual slaughter, and the Exeter Hall meetings should be fixed to take place in September. The railway companies should organise special excursion trains to enable the country-folks to enjoy the charms of London at the height of the season, which would be about Michaelmas. Mr. Murray, in honour of the occasion, should bring out a new edition of the "Handbook of London," for the particular use of persons desirous of taking the opportunity to make acquaintance with the wonders of the chief town of their native land. It is astonishing how much there is to be seen in and near London, which few people ever do see. Urbanus, who takes his omnibus daily to the great focus of business, and Rusticus, who uses his annual ticket on his line, must both have their autumnal cessation from overpowering and engrossing work; but the holiday-time is always spent at a distance, and the great objects of interest and beauty immediately accessible to them remain for the most part unknown to themselves and their families. With the exception of the grander features of mountain and lake, there is as much beautiful scenery within an hour's reach of London as in any part of England. London proper, too, is not without its remarkable landscape beauties. How fine is a sunset at the bottom of Pall-Mall! How glorious

are the lines of gas-flames seen glowing like emeralds against the ruddy sky! What real beauty of lawn and foliage there is in the Parks and Kensington Gardens! What noble sheets of water are the Serpentine and its sister lake in front of the Queen's Palace! In what other country can a walk of a mile be taken over turf and under trees in the very heart of its vast and thickly-peopled metropolis? Then, if all the indoor "sights" of London were to be "done" in the manner that people set about doing the sights of Paris or any other foreign city, not one, but ten autumnal vacations would be required for the task. If a Guide to London were to be compiled on the same scale as those for most other places, its dimensions would almost rival those of the Post-Office Directory—so much of interest is there to be described.

The true thing, therefore, would be for a number of sensible people, who are capable of appreciating good advice, to agree to make a beginning, and undertake to spend a September in London together. They would find their own houses—when not discarpeted, or dismantled, or be-brown-hollanded, but in their habitual and normal condition of comfort—far more agreeable and much less expensive than any hotel or seaside lodgings. They would, of course, spend their mornings and afternoons in seeing London, which it is presumed, they have never yet seen. There would be dinners, and receptions in the evenings, at which there would be fresh subjects for conversation; and there would be a peculiar zest in mixing with society under these very novel and interesting circumstances. Excursions to places of note within easy distance, would frequently be made. Middlesex, Surrey, Berkshire, Kent, and Essex, would unfold their hidden and unexplored beauties to the delighted gaze of the stay-at-home travellers. Unknown forests, mountains, and lakes would be visited. Leith Hill, in certain states of the atmosphere, has sometimes almost an Alpine character about it. Virginia Water is an extremely respectable and well-wooded lake, and feeds a waterfall which has at least the merit of never being without water. It would be difficult anywhere to beat Windsor or Richmond Parks for sylvan scenery of the highest order of beauty—or to match the river-view from Richmond Hill. And then every night these happy and well-advised people would sleep in their own wholesome beds; and every morning—O, exceeding joy! there would be no packing, no squabbles, and no bill to pay, as when travelling,—and no "nothing to do," as at the seaside; and the letters in the *Times*, headed "Hotel Charges," which abound at this season, would be read with a sense of inward complacency and satisfaction that would alone be a sufficient reward.

We have thus shortly indicated a novel scheme, which, as it appears to us, need only be tried to be approved of. Perhaps a week's or a fortnight's absence might be permitted at the end of the time, for the sake of obtaining that complete change of air and scene which a few prejudiced persons may still think necessary to refresh the system, and enable us to return with renewed vigour to the routine duties and business of ordinary life. But the rest of the time should be spent in seeing a great many things very well worth seeing, which are now seldom seen; and those who stayed in London would be in no want of matters to relate, in return for the experiences communicated by their friends coming home from abroad or from our own coast with empty purses, dissatisfied expectations, and the uncomfortable recollections of money grievances.

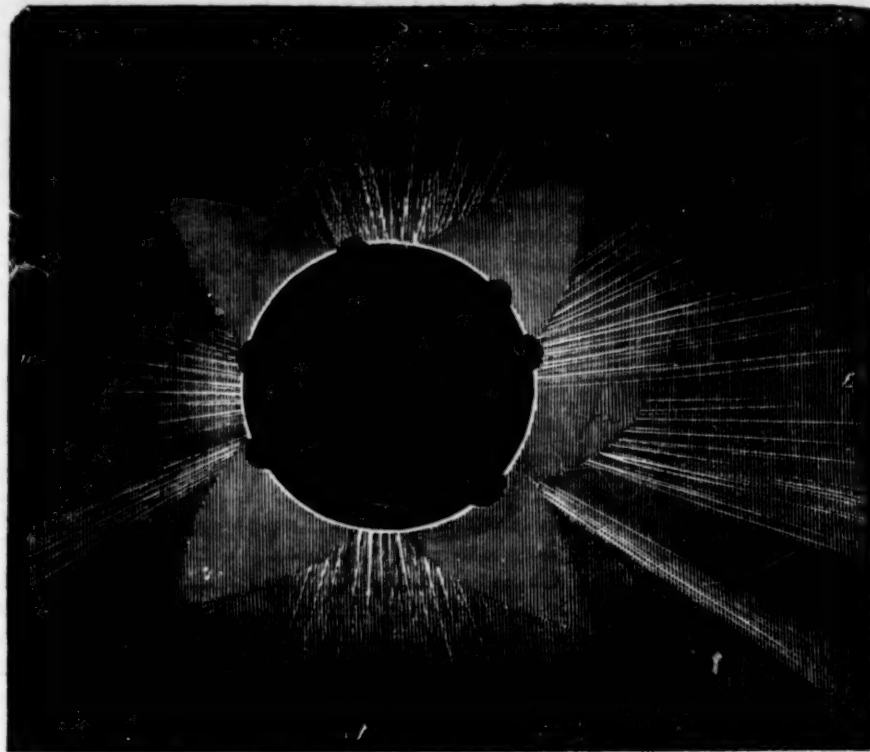
THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN ON THE 18TH OF JULY.

(From an Astronomical Correspondent en route to Spain.)

THE physical constitution of the sun is the great object of attraction in a total eclipse. It is not the few moments of darkness which occur at the time of total obscuration that the astronomer is curious about, nor would he toil all this long journey merely to note its effects on animal and vegetable life. In the present eclipse Saturn and Mercury, Jupiter and Venus will be seen in the immediate neighbourhood of the Sun; Castor and Pollux, and numerous other bright and well-known stars, will likewise make their appearance. Although this conjunction of all the planets may be very singular at such a time, and useful in judging of the darkness at the critical moment, yet they are of no further utility to astronomy or science. Amidst all the grand phenomena of the sudden extinction of light and the universal hush of nature, when learned and ignorant, and proud and humble are equally impressed with the awful strangeness of the scene, the attention of the telescopic observer will be directed to the sun itself, now really "conspicuous by its absence," and endeavouring, even by that absence of "excess of light," to find some clue to the nature of that glorious luminary.

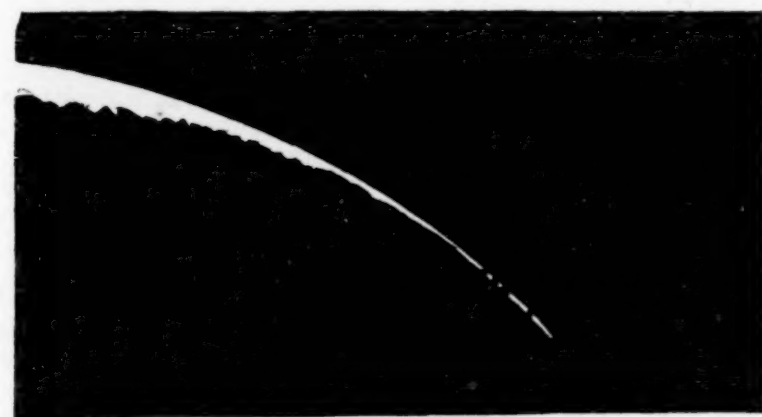
If we observe the sun at the present moment, we see an immense number of dark spots, of all shapes and sizes, on its surface; whilst, on the other hand, in some parts we see spots which are considerably brighter than the general surface of the luminary. The dark spots, continually and hourly changing in form, were at first supposed to be clouds floating on its golden atmosphere. Succeeding observers could not, however, reconcile their observations with this idea, and came to the conclusion that the sun was surrounded with two or three envelopes, and that its real surface was situated at a considerable distance from the luminous atmosphere which throws out heat and light in every direction. Between the sun itself and the luminous envelope they considered there was a less luminous atmosphere, whilst the very brightest spots and veins, they imagined, might be clouds of intense brilliancy thrown up by the volcanic action which produced those breaks in the sun's surface, and in the neighbourhood of which they are mostly situated. Those latter must be of remarkable lustre, when it is considered that the darkest parts of the black spots on the sun are estimated to be some thousand times more brilliant than the light of the full moon. With a small telescope all those appearances may be seen at the present moment, the spots now being very plentiful. Solar eclipses have demonstrated, however, that other influences are at work on the sun, and many other facts have been observed. Thus, at the moment of total obscuration, when the moon completely hides the sun, and when the sky in the neighbourhood of both bodies should be as dark as any other portion of the heavens, it has been always found that the moon is surrounded by a beautiful *corona*, which, in a clear tropical sky, presents a most brilliant appearance, flashes and bundles of rays of light flying away in all directions, and being seen as vividly as if they were passing through an opening in a cloud. In addition to this, crimson-and-white projections, but mostly having

the form and appearance of red flames, are seen in the immediate neighbourhood of the dark edge of the moon. The *corona* and red flames have been seen during every total eclipse which has been observed with a telescope, but it is only during the eclipses of 1842, 1851, and 1858, in which they have been narrowly scrutinized, and people are now prepared to look for them as a matter of course. These phenomena, as seen in the eclipses of 1842 and 1851, are well known; but that of 1858, as observed by M. Liais, at Rio Janeiro, in which the crown and the red prominences took the most extraordinary forms, is not equally so.



The eclipse will not be very considerable in England, and the darkness can be but very slight, although upwards of eight-tenths of the solar diameter will be eclipsed at London. It must not, however, be supposed that the phenomena to be noticed are few or slight, in consequence. Leaving the pure astronomical measurements out of the question, which are always valuable, we may state that at the last eclipse observed at Rio Janeiro, shortly after the commencement of the eclipse, M. Liais was able to see the *whole of the moon's disc*, although the part of its surface which was projected in the sky was very faint. Sometimes it appeared brighter than the general ground of the sky, and sometimes darker. It was impossible to see it with a telescope, by direct vision, but by looking at the reflection of the sun on a piece of unpolished glass, it was plainly visible. In some photographs which were made of the various phases of the eclipse, the whole of the moon's disc could be traced in a similar manner. This is a fact which is quite novel, and deserving of attention; and as the sun will be at a considerable height in the sky, at London, it will probably be verified by some of the ingenious photographers there and elsewhere. It has been said that the whole of the moon's disc was seen in the partial eclipse observed in London in 1666; but it is not stated in what manner the sun was scrutinized.

Another fact deserving of attention is the phenomenon of Baily's Beads (as they are called), which occurs near the moment of greatest obscurity, and when the edges of the sun and moon are almost in contact. At this moment, when the thread of light should be gradually becoming thinner before it finally vanishes, it has been found that it breaks up into distinct fragments, which present a most remarkable and brilliant appearance. Although this phenomenon is only expected when the eclipse is total or annular at the place of observation, yet it was plainly visible in that of March, 1858, as observed by Mr. Breen, at Cambridge, where



the eclipse was only partial. It was supposed by him to be due to the irregularities on the edges of the moon, which, when examined by a telescope with a high magnifying power, never presents the same regular contour as that of the sun. In the eclipse of Sept., 1858, M. Liais, however, states that the edges of the moon were smoothly and sharply defined, and that Baily's beads were plainly seen. Another fact observed by Mr. Breen during the eclipse of March, 1858, was the appearance of a faint light projecting beyond those broken points of the sun's margin which were considered by him to be a portion of the *corona*, as seen during total eclipses. The instrument made use of by Mr. Breen was the Northumberland twenty-feet telescope, which was at that time the largest in England.

It will be seen from the previous remarks that it is not the mere accident of a few moments' darkness that takes the astronomer away from his observatory, but that many problems in optics and physics are involved in the question, to say nothing of the verification of theory at the places of the sun and moon by delicate micrometrical measurements. Even those who are merely prompted by curiosity

to undertake the journey, and who are anxious to witness the grandeur of the phenomenon, as universally described, may be pardoned. They might ask that if the sun descended below the horizon only once in twenty years, how many would be on the look-out for the event. The philosopher would be ready with his instruments to observe the time at which this occurrence took place, would endeavour to explain the wonder of the twilight, and make some hazardous guesses about the zodiacal light. A total eclipse of the sun at any particular place is a much rarer event. One occurred at London on the 20th of March, 1140. There was not another at our metropolis for a period of 575 years; nor since the latter, which occurred in 1715, has a total solar eclipse taken place. Many partial eclipses of the sun have taken place, of course, during that time; but it will be seen from this statement how rarely it is wholly obscured. A description of the present eclipse will, therefore, deservedly find a place in the columns of "THE LONDON REVIEW." The next greatest eclipse which occurs in Europe during the present century, is that of 1887.

BREAD.

Of all the industrial arts, none has made so little progress as that of "panification," or bread-making. Century after century, while the marvels of human ingenuity have been steadily advancing and civilizing mankind, this alone has remained stationary. With few creditable exceptions, those who supply our tables with the "staff of life," pursue the old barbarous mode of trituration and amalgamation of the materials; a process scarcely differing from that in vogue during the primitive times of Fabricius and Cincinnatus. The ordinary method of bread manufacture is not only coarse, filthy, and disgusting, but is fraught with fatal consequences to those engaged in this—as at present pursued—demoralizing and health-destroying occupation. It seems extraordinary that individuals, even when their most vital interests are at stake, should pertinaciously adhere to ancient and injurious usages. Of this perversity and prejudice, the baking trade furnishes a lamentable example.

The condition of the journeyman baker—of whom there are 10,000 in London alone—is singularly anomalous, and calls aloud for commiseration and amelioration. We doubt much whether the sugar plantations of the American slave states produce one-half the miseries engendered by our English bakehouses. Although—thanks to the efforts of the Sanitary Commission—the horrors of these "whited sepulchres" have been widely exposed, nevertheless the same evils exist, the same practices prevail, and the public maintains the same stolid indifference it previously displayed.

As one of the class of "white slaves," the journeyman baker stands pre-eminent. From the hour of eleven at night until five, six, or even seven o'clock the following evening, and occasionally for a much longer period, this helpless victim of a "social evil" plies his laborious and unwholesome handicraft, and for a pittance varying from 10s. to £1. 10s. per week, the maximum wages of such incessant drudgery. Half naked, in a highly-heated, closely pent-up underground room, the atmosphere of which is densely impregnated with insidious particles of flour, he toils with his hands—ay, and even with his feet,—until the perspiration rolls in big drops from his exhausted body, kneading the tenacious dough that is to form

"Bread that decaying man with strength supplies."

Nature will not brook so flagrant and systematic a violation of her righteous laws; so the avenging Nemesis of justice, slowly, perhaps, but surely, pursues the transgressor. Overwork, impure air, and an unhealthy occupation, soon tell their sad tale upon the wretched journeyman. He is struck down ere he reaches the prime of life, while his family have no alternative but to beg their bread, or seek the miserable refuge afforded by the parish. It is an unquestionable fact that there is a far higher degree of mortality among bakers than among the operatives of any other unhealthy calling, not excepting miners, knife-grinders, stone-masons, or silk-printers. According to the most reliable statistics we find that (excepting all youths connected with the trade who die ere they reach manhood) the average period of life attained by the journeyman baker is but forty-two years. Coupled with this excessive mortality, the ordinary existence of the wretched baker is but a protracted condition of ill-health, not unfrequently terminating in consumption, which Dr. Letheby emphatically terms, "the malady of bakers!" But among the host of disorders attendant upon the occupation of a baker, there is one which, although repugnant, nay loathsome in itself, is yet necessary for the public to know. We allude to the cutaneous disease, which principally affects the hands and arms, characterized by the vulgar epithet of "the baker's itch." This arises, we are informed, from the constant contact of those members of the body with bread ingredients; the fermentative condition of the dough, and the presence of saline particles, greatly aiding the development of that disgusting disorder. Surely, if it were needful for the legislature to interfere in the case of factory-workers, in order to save them from the grinding tyranny and rapacity of heartless taskmasters, the great body of operative bakers have not less claim upon the sympathy of the nation, and the interference of the state. But if not on humanitarian grounds, regard for cleanliness and decency should cause the public peremptorily to demand a less objectionable system of bread manufacture.

About eighteen months since, a laudable and successful effort was made by Mr. Stevens, of Hackney, to improve the physical and moral condition of the operative baker. For this purpose he invented and patented an ingenious machine for kneading dough, which altogether dispenses with hand-labour, so far at least as the process of what is technically termed "mixing" is concerned. It is rather an inexplicable anomaly that such a machine had not been invented some centuries previous; but more surprising still, that having once been invented, it is not universally used. Notwithstanding the numerous and unquestionable advantages of machine over hand-labour, especially in the manufacture of bread, scarcely a dozen, out of nearly 3,000 master bakers in the metropolis, bring this humanizing agency into requisition,—a striking proof of the desperate tenacity with which men will cling to old systems and preconceived opinions.

On the grounds of health and cleanliness, machine-made bread must be considered preferable to that manufactured by hand. But the new system of panification offers several important advantages besides these. The bread thus produced is superior in quality, whiter in colour, sweeter to the taste, considerably more substantial, and less liable to waste by crumbling, than that formed by the ordinary process; while it creates a saving of bread material to the master baker of nearly 12 lbs. on a sack of 280 lbs. The machine being enclosed while in action, prevents the farinaceous matter from wasting, and thus dispenses with "sweepings," as none are made. The "sweepings" of an ordinary bakehouse are considerable; and when we consider that flour costing from 47s. to 50s. per sack is re-sold in this impaired condition for 12s. per sack, the loss must be rather serious; to compensate in some measure for which, as well as to remedy imperfect trituration, adulteration is frequently and freely resorted to. Although the machine produces a great saving of labour—inasmuch as the mixing process is performed more thoroughly and quickly thereby,—nevertheless it does not operate injuriously against the journeyman, a similar number of hands being required in those bakehouses where machinery is adopted as where hand-labour is exclusively employed. Mr. Thompson, the intelligent master baker of Greenwich Hospital, has declared that since his adoption of the modern system of bread manufacture, about six months ago, his men prefer working at the machines to the old, laborious, and objectionable process of "mixing."

In a sanitary point of view the advantages offered by this improved system, both to the operatives and the community, are very important. The former it releases from excessive overwork, destructive employment, and a pernicious, confined atmosphere, for the high temperature required to induce fermentation is produced by warm water poured into a receptacle at the bottom of the machine. It likewise obviates most of those distressing diseases which are peculiarly the baker's lot, and to which we have heretofore alluded. To the latter it affords a pure, wholesome, agreeable, and economical article of consumption, which can be regarded without exciting disgust and pity for the hard-worked and ill-paid producer. Tritely and truly has a foreign writer observed,—“We have become Titans through the medium of science, which, nevertheless, has not given us bread worthy of man!”

Dr. Dauglish lately invented a most ingenious and scientific mode of making bread, known as the "aërated" process. This system not only goes farther still towards ameliorating the condition of the oppressed journeyman baker, but bids fair to entirely revolutionize the baking trade. It is well understood that the formation of good bread chiefly depends upon a chemical transformation of its constituent properties. Originally mankind prepared their corn by simply boiling it, and forming viscous cakes—a food anything but palatable or digestible. In course of time it was discovered that flour mixed with certain quantities of warm water and yeast produced an alcoholic and panary fermentation, which not only destroyed its viscosity, but rendered it light, wholesome, and easy of assimilation, when properly trituated, exposed to prolonged warmth, and subsequently baked. This process of preparing the "sponge," although necessitating from eight to twelve hours' labour, continues in general usage at the present day. Dr. Dauglish's system entirely removes an obstruction so formidable, and yet so unnecessary in the production of our "daily bread." The generation of carbonic acid gas, by means of fermentation, imparts to the sodden lump of flour and water a vesicular character, while it effects a transformation, or rather deterioration in the starchy and saccharine properties of the flour itself. By the new process, carbonic acid gas is artificially produced, then stored in an ordinary gas-holder, and finally pumped into a cylindrical-shaped tank of water. This chemically-charged water is subsequently mixed, under pressure, with the flour, when dough is produced; and after having been kneaded by the arms of the iron "mixer" from five to ten minutes, is divided into loaves, placed in shapes, and baked.

The alleged advantages of this new method of bread-making, consist, first, in the cleanliness of the process; secondly, in the rapidity with which flour and water are formed into bread; thirdly, in preserving the flour from deterioration, which it avowedly undergoes during the fermenting process; fourthly, in producing certainty and uniformity in the production of good bread, and obviating the vagaries and irregularities to which the old system is frequently liable; fifthly, in rendering the bread thus made more wholesome and digestible—it being admitted by eminent chemists that the *débris* of the yeast is more or less constitutionally injurious; sixthly, in effecting a pecuniary saving—the cost of carbonic acid gas being considerably below that of yeast; and, lastly, in superinducing immense economy of labour and health, while it changes bread-making from a domestic manual work to a manufacturing machine-work, and transforms operative bakers from mere human over-worked drudges into intellectual and healthy labourers.

A DEFENCE OF SLANG.

[THERE is no false doctrine devoid of some few grains of truth; and there is no truth (without the pale of mathematics and the exact sciences) to which some grains of exception may not be taken, or some grains of salt added. It will be seen below, that our article of last week, on "Slang as a Social Symptom," has awakened the indignation of a vehement advocate of the constitutional freedom of speech. He is not only a free thinker on speech, but a very free speaker of his thoughts. He is certainly a little pert, and not over courteous (considering the circles in which he says he moves) to our contributor. But he is quite mistaken in supposing we should be the least-likely to suppress him as too formidably unanswerable. He seems in earnest about his so-called liberty of speech, and as he appeals to the People, to the People he shall go: not because we wish to "write him down" the quadruped he so modestly mentions, or mean to show off our cudgel-play about his ears—but because, however wrong he may be theoretically, he has the command of a lively style, which, with a little pruning and weeding, might make him a good

writer. He is already above the average of amateur writers; and he is so, not by virtue, but in spite of his theories; for, in practice, wherever he is good, it is simply because he is unconsciously acting on those very principles of a true and natural style of writing which our contributor insisted upon.]

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Though I firmly believe it is one of the greenest things a man of the world can do, to take up an unprofessional pen, and pitch into a gentleman of the press, I cannot resist the temptation of having a shy at your colloquial purist. I labour not only under the disadvantage of being unaccustomed to brandish the tomahawk pen which your moralist of all-work no doubt can turn on the thick skull of an assailant, just as calmly as he can use it to chop his logic and mince his phrases fine for that meek and docile noun of number, general reader. I do not so much care about this, for I can write as I talk, and belong to that society which your slang critic implies ought to talk as *he* writes. We should be very sorry to crimp ourselves to his standard. But just look here:—if I happen to show better fight than you expect, and your professional friend seems likely to come off only second-best, the simplest way of dealing with me is to bundle me, armed at all points, like Marcus Curtius, into the yawning gulf of your waste-paper basket. So, my only chance of appearing in the arena of fair discussion at all, is that you should judge me an obstreperous blockhead, likely to make sport in the bating, and kindly let me put my foot in it. I merely mention these pleasant conditions under which I write, that the public may be warned to see fair play. As to you, sir, the sooner you write me down an ass the better are my prospects. My hope is that you and the public may differ in opinion. And now to the point at issue! What is this slang, whose introduction into society you so much deprecate and deplore as a symptom of social degeneracy?

If slang be the general term of anathema launched against all forms of expression which are not already adopted and acknowledged in the classic national literature, I maintain that the excision of slang would turn English into a dead language. Language lives from mouth to ear, not from page to eye. It is only reflected in literature. The essence of deadness in a language consists in its standard of purity being comprised within certain works already written; so that, to express any new thing you must untwist an old expression, and use its warped dry withes in your new-fashioned basket, instead of cutting fresh green osiers with your own whittle. We know how that system answers by the best samples of modern Latinity.

There is a great tendency to what they consider a dignified form of expression in the minds of all feeble undignified folk who worship the Rimmon of respectability. Their highest aim is to be correct. The gentlemanlike shopman does not put a thing down in his bill, but "places the article down in his account." The ladylike lady's-maid is not helped to a little bit, but "assisted to an exceedingly small portion" of pudding. Your polite dentist does not simply make an appointment with you, but "arranges an interview." Your correct Member of Parliament, instead of coming roundly out with his sentiment, is still "free to confess," even after the stupid old phrase has been a laughing-stock for years. Your Addisonian literary gent, who no doubt is proud of being able to write and talk in his correct style, is indignant with that poor dear marchioness for saying, in the simplicity of her heart, "that it was about time to cut," when she was weary of his stilted prose and company manners. I think I hear him discoursing under his tree, like Jonah to the Ninevans, after his "best literary style,"—and I can imagine how completely his choice phrases were stultified by the quaint contrast of that homely expression. After all, this terrible piece of slang is but an abbreviated form of the pilgrims' oriental symbolism of departure, typified by providing himself with a palmer's wand from the handiest and wandiest coppice. When the correctest of fashionable tourists says, "I shall proceed on my wanderings," he uses precisely the marchioness's figure of speech in other synonyms. He might just as well say he was "going on with his walking-stickings."

If words that live in the people's mouth are to be accounted slang unless they have been admitted to dictionary franchise by high literary authority, before Chaucer and Dante wrote, Italian and English were not languages, but slangues. If Shakspeare had used only the words he found already in use among previous distinguished authors, where would English be now? How many Shaksperian words were still mere slang when he took them out of the people's mouth and shovelled them, neck and crop, into the dictionaries?

And why should not Mr. Dickens filter the cockney sewage into literature, if he finds good literary material current in those unsavoury channels? Did not Homer jumble all the dialects of Greece into his cantos?

The fact is, that what purists call slang, is the loose margin of the web in the stocking-loom of our language, on which the glistening needles of life are knitting fresh loops from the thread of human discourse day by day. There are pragmatic conservatives in language as well as politics, so much alarmed by reckless innovators that they would fain lay an embargo on constitutional progress. The vital principles of speech are clearness and freedom of expression, just as liberty and publicity are the essence of the constitution. Above all, freedom! How many good thoughts are drowned that come to the mind's surface, and cannot break the ice which has congealed on our written language under the frosts of criticism. The pleasure of good society consists very much in this freedom. All the departments of life have their idiosyncratic technologies. But good society, which is their conglomerate cream residuum, naturally uses an eclectic *lingua franca* gathered from all those confluent channels which swell the affluence of aristocratic centralization. This is a snatch of high literary slang of which I should be sorry to have to write much. Indeed, in that style I could not go much further without having to eliminate certain elements of error from the syllogistic sequence by whose resolution we might elicit a final cause—an exhaustive process—a crucial test—or some similar instrument of intellectual penance with which strong-minded young ladies are accustomed to afflict their souls as a preparation for the Sabbath.

I fear, to make myself intelligible, I must say some of them over again in plain English. All trades and occupations have their slang, from the equity draughtsman who conveys your real property, to the light-fingered practitioner whom the heavy hand of the law pulls up for appropriating your personality. The one calls your garden a "message," and the other your pocket-handkerchief a "cly;" and, whether you choose to spell yourself clyent with a y, or client with a wherefore, your legal and illegal practitioners alike leave you with emptier pockets than they found you.

There is scientific slang, and clerical slang, art, poetical, and sporting slang, musical slang, critical, dramatic, mathematical, logical, medical, nautical, and military, as well as the legal, parliamentary, and pocket-picking varieties already alluded to. In short, the good ship *Argot* is chartered with as many genera as Noah's ark. Good society reinforces itself with the successful men of all professions, if you except the pickpockets, whose aristocracy are, however, amply represented by the pickbrains, plagiarists, and punsters. Good society is itself a profession. Its final cause is amusement, its crucial test the elimination of boredom, its exhaustive process, universal smattering. And you shall note that any plodding prosaic business will amuse a man, but it takes a very distinguished, ornamental, and variegated form of idleness to keep us from ennui. Good society amuses itself with fancy specimens from every mine. They let others sweat, and smother, and grope, and work the pumps to avoid drowning in the hot, damp, dark shafts where Truth, delighting in wells, is only found by weary boring. And it is natural that they should catch some of the special terms in use among the various gangs of smirched and grimy men from whom they purchase the glittering nuggets and crystals at the pit-mouth. Good society is the world's bazaar, and its language will be as mixed as its wares are universal. Our language forms itself to our wants, and everything comes to be expressed in the shortest and easiest way.

Like all running streams, the full-flowing river of speech purifies itself as it runs. It has its puddle-ditch and foul-drain tributaries; rotten rushes, splintered reeds, stray straws, and fallen leaves, may float upon it for awhile; but the drifting rubbish is gathered into eddying nooks, the puddle sinks to the bottom, the putrid gas-bubbles burst and evaporate, so that the stream keeps sweet and limpid. New words on probation are assimilated or rejected, revived archaisms swim a little way and are whirled into a corner. The clumsy refuse of inappropriate terms cannot long cloud the current of national thought; and words that are inherently coarse and unsavoury are soon scattered to the winds. The English language will take care of itself as long as it runs. Dam it up in Della Cruscan embankments, and it will be a smooth, silvery, stagnant pool of corruption, which philosophers will find as difficult to deal with as the Serpentine. Let it babble along in its careless ripples. The natural instincts are better safeguards than artificial criticisms. And the society most capable of criticising is most decided in its preference of unstudied spontaneity. A reckless *abandon*, indeed, giving full scope to a multiform familiarity of expression, is the myriad-syllabled shibboleth of civilization's brokers who hustle out all unqualified intruders from their 'change. Your logic-choppers and phrase-mincers run a great risk of being bonneted if they venture within the precinct; and in confidence I would hint that this may have been the misfortune which has set your colloquial purist's critical teeth so much on edge. Let me recommend him not to find fault with his betters; but to learn to speak and write that living English which springs spontaneously to the lips, and flows freely from the pen. Let him learn to think his thought into air or on to paper, without bothering his brains to pick and riddle his words. Then his marchionesses will cease to snub him under every green tree in what he is pleased to call the "pleasaunces of persons of quality."

Yours truly,

NATHANIEL SLINGHAM.

THE "FOURTH OF JULY" IN ENGLAND.

THE "Fourth of July" should be a festival for Englishmen as well as Americans. To those who have warm sympathies with freedom, it represents the successful termination of a great and patriotic struggle, which, in its results, has been productive of greater good to Great Britain than to the United States themselves.

To those who have some lingering idea that wrong is not wrong when perpetrated by Englishmen, this anniversary ought to appeal through the sensitive medium of the pocket. Our annual expenditure is relieved from the costly burden of "meddling" with an unwilling state; that state is constantly setting us a financial example, in showing how thirty millions of people can be well governed for twelve millions sterling a year, instead of eighty millions; and its commerce flows into our hands to such an extent that we "grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength." No wonder, then, that out of two hundred gentlemen connected with diplomacy, commerce, and literature, who assembled at the London Tavern, under the wing of the American Association of London, on the night of Wednesday, the 4th of July, there should have been many Englishmen who could cheerfully raise their glasses in honour of the day.

The decorations of the long room of the London Tavern on this occasion were emblematic of the blood-relationship, and the political union of England and America. Long flags of both countries—the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes—spread out from the side-walls, and dropped almost on to the heads of the sitters at the side-tables. At the lower end of the room, immediately over the gallery and the brass band of the City Rifles, was Winterhalter's full-length portrait of Queen Victoria (lent by Her Majesty for the festival), imbedded among the flags of the two nations. The same union of one people and two countries was typified by other flags, at the head of the room, behind the chairman; and on each side of these were portraits of Washington and his wife. The white hair of the greatest patriot who ever lived, shone out from the canvas like a "glory;" and the round face of the old lady smiled upon the banquet from over the top of a dress, fashionable in its day, but which somewhat resembled a beer-barrel in ours.

The Americans, to judge by the speakers at this festival, are not in favour of long speeches, although they are an eminently sociable and talking nation.

In the ante-room, during that critical half-hour before dinner, the buzz of conversation gave place to a roar; the barriers of personal shyness and reserve were broken down, and the assembly was more French in its manners than English. At the dinner-table, a venerable general who sat next to the writer of these lines, insisted upon exchanging names without the formality of an introduction. It was a custom he had adopted with more or less success during his short stay in England, and he had overcome a vast amount of our national coldness to strangers in consequence.

The chairman of the meeting, General Campbell, the Consul of the United States in London, was a model of after-dinner brevity. He was up and down with the rapidity of an auctioneer, and had no thought of wading through the "toasts" in the purely English manner. He told the company, while expressing thanks for the portrait of Queen Victoria which adorned the room, that Her Majesty had been asked to allow her portrait to be taken by an American artist. The request had been declined, on the ground of want of time, but permission had been given to copy any existing painting. No other remark was made upon this, but we thought this was scarcely polite to the artists of a great nation, and wished that the request had been graciously granted.

This want of politeness on the part of Sir C. B. Phipps was paid back by a want of politeness on the part of the Association, in giving precedence to "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia" over "God save the Queen."

When Mr. Dallas, the American minister, rose up to reply to the toast of "The Day we Celebrate," he looked, with his white hair and his calm manner, like one of the pilgrim fathers. He represented, in appearance, that old and sterling America which struck its roots in the wilderness; which still forms the true life-blood of that great and hopeful country, and not the half-fabulous "rowdiness" and "fillibustering" which lie, like blots, upon the surface. His speech was short, though very slowly delivered, and might have been longer, but that he happened, in closing a sentence, to mention Garibaldi. The pent-up enthusiasm of the meeting found vent at this, and was led on to convivial rebellion by one of the party. The chairman was overruled, the stout perspiring toast-master, with his roll of paper, was dethroned, the whole of the company started upon their legs, many leaped upon chairs, glasses were waved about over heads, the experienced and not easily-excited waiters looked on in amazement, and the very vigorous brass band in attendance was outdone for once, as three deafening cheers, with "three times three," and "one additional," were given for the great patriot. The meeting, from this point, became almost devoted to Garibaldi and his doings.

Few speakers who stood up avoided touching upon the Italian struggle; and if the two hundred gentlemen assembled to celebrate the "Fourth of July," 1776, were fair representatives, as I sincerely hope they were, of their sixty millions of English and American countrymen, it will be long before any strugglers after freedom will pine for want of active sympathy and assistance, or before the two greatest free "asylums" in the world "will be closed to the unfortunate and distressed of every nation."

Reviews of Books.

MEMORIALS OF THOMAS HOOD.*

A LABOUR—no, an exercise of filial affection, far superior to the oft misused phrase of a "labour of love," is not to be scanned as a presumptuous, nor criticised as an ambitious publication. A daughter and a son lay the offering on their father's (and we might say their mother's) tomb; and we can hardly regret the delay of fifteen years, seeing that an earlier period must have precluded the strangely coupled enjoyment with which we can now mingle our mirth with our sorrows in reading the "Memorials of Thomas Hood." As is the book, therefore, so may our notice of it be: a laugh at a brilliant pun next door to a sigh at a touching sentiment; a smile and a tear at the same moment on the page where wit and pathos are so curiously and inseparably blended.

A dedication and preface lead us to the body of the work, in which the matters they indicate are so fully dwelt upon that they need not be specified here; and we shall merely advert to the point they raise upon the question—whether the relatives of the dead, or some literary friend, would be the most eligible for the satisfactory discharge of a duty of this kind? It is evident that no children in their nonage could comprehend the thorough biography of a literary parent, whose doings were with the public, and with the world. Their knowledge and estimate must necessarily be limited to his domestic virtues and habits—his "inner private life," as the preface defines it; and for so much these "Memorials," *pur et simple*, are sufficient; but with the fame that so truly belongs to the authorship of their father, the due memoirs or life remains to be hereafter written in an ample manner, more adequate to his rich deserving as a man of genius, as a lover of his kind, and as a poet inspired by the finest humanities.

As the work is divided chronologically, and, after the first introductory sketch of 1799–1835, a chapter devoted to each of the sequent years till 1845, when the troubled drama closed, it may be as eligible to pursue a similar train in our review of these exceedingly miscellaneous recollections, which bring the man before us as he passed along his weary road, with a sweetness of temper and a patience of endurance rarely equalled under similar trials of fortune and health. Even to the premature hour when nature could endure no more, and he sank beneath the pressure of a few years, more hardly wrought (as mind and manual toil were expended together) than those whose ill-requited daily exhaustion he pictured with so pathetic a pencil.

Born in London, in May, 1799, he was the son of Mr. Thomas Hood, a native of Scotland, and of the firm of Vernor and Hood, booksellers, in the Poultry. His father died while he was yet young, in indifferent circumstances. The best part of his education was acquired in his father's native land, whither he was sent from his apprenticeship with his uncle, Mr. Sands, an engraver, on account of ill health, and remained several years, and where his first essay in print appeared, in a Dundee newspaper. On his return to London, early in 1821, he became connected with the *London Magazine*, and was thus led to

adopt literature as a profession—an unfortunate one, as it proved to him, notwithstanding his remarkable talents, and unflinching industry under severe distractions and crushing difficulties. In May, 1824, he married Jane, the daughter of Mr. Reynolds, the head writing-master at Christ's Hospital, and sister of that John Hamilton Reynolds who, brought up as an attorney, became well known to literary and dramatic circles as the author of many very clever contributions to the periodical press, and Mathews's entertainments, and a humorist hardly, if at all, inferior to any of his time. It is lamentable to have to state that a breach of friendship took place between these brothers-in-law, which could not be reconciled, and to add that the widow of Hamilton Reynolds has refused to our authors the use of the correspondence between them before the sad quarrel to which we have reluctantly alluded.

Both ceased to write in the *London Magazine* in 1824; and with its strength and diversity of talent it is surprising that this periodical had not greater and more lasting success. They published in partnership "Odes and Addresses to Great People," which was very popular, and had a large sale. It is worth mentioning that Wainwright, one of the magazine company, and perhaps the most sparkling of the set (whose later career was unhappily infamous), almost by anticipation, most admirably characterized the genius of Hood as a "painter to the visible eye—and the inward commixture of what the superficial deem incongruous elements!—Instructive living proof how close lie the founts of laughter and tears! Thou fermenting brain—oppressed, as yet, by its own riches; though melancholy would seem to have touched thy heart with her painful (salutary) hand, yet is thy fancy mercurial—undepressed; and sparkles and crackles more from the contact,—as the northern lights when they near the frozen pole." The similarities in dissimilarities, and coherents in incoherents, which the same acute critic discovered, were speedily exhibited in "Whims and Oddities," published in 1825, and followed by a second series in 1827; and also the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," and two volumes of "National Tales," dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, and published by Mr. W. H. Ainsworth, then experimenting on the path of a bookseller, in Bond-street, before "Jack Sheppard" was conceived. In 1829, "Eugene Aram's Dream" appeared in the "Gem," an annual of which Hood was editor, and at which time he sought a sweet cottage at Winchmore Hill, where, delighting as he did in the country, he spent three of his happiest years, made more pleasant by the neighbourhood of Mr. Sill Gibbons, a mercantile gentleman of literary taste, and where (having previously lost an infant son) his daughter was added to his felicities, in 1830, and the first of his "Comic Annuals" was her jocund cotemporary. Of this production he truly said, in after years (1838), "the 'Comic' is always a *lay miracle*, and done under very peculiar circumstances; perhaps being used to it is something, though the having done it for so many years, and having fired some 700 or 800 shots, makes the birds more rare,—i.e. cuts and subjects. But somehow it always *is* done, and this time apparently by a *special Providence*." It is nevertheless to be regretted that sickness and other causes frequently led to the copy and illustrations being late, and thus not only embroiling him with his publisher, but injuring the sale of the "Annual," which was always last in the field. "Hood's Own" was chiefly a *rifacimento* from the "Comic."

In 1834 the failure of a mercantile firm involved poor Hood in pecuniary embarrassments, from which he was never entirely extricated. A man dependent on literature for subsistence is so laboriously occupied, and has his mind so engrossed by ideal speculation, that he is never very competent for the world-like business which might serve to redeem him from the slavery of debt and the bloodsucking of the law. To these, if the affliction of ill-health be conjoined, it is easy to perceive why no moderate or partial turn of fortune's wheel could relieve the distress into which the struggling author had been plunged. No economy could enable him to meet the expenses of later legal differences with another publisher (who figures so largely in these pages under the initial of B—); and the fever which preyed upon his heart was indeed but too subtle and overwhelming an ally to the physical malady which laid him in his early grave. He sought refuge and a quiet retirement to pursue his vocation in Coblenz, whither, in 1835, he transported his family, now increased by an infant son, the second Tom Hood of our present day, and with much in him to remind us forcibly of his lamented father. This period was brightened by a foreign friendship formed with a Lieutenant De Franck, in the Prussian service—with whom he took an interesting military trip, and a home friendship with Dr. William Elliot, of Stratford-le-Bow, whose medical skill unquestionably prolonged the life which his constant, warm, and genuine attachment, from the beginning to the end (cordially seconded by the affectionate attention of his wife and domestic circle), sustained and cheered to the very last. We are not stepping out of our way to observe upon this single instance—that to no other class of their fellow-men whatever are the author, the artist, the aspiring in every intellectual occupation, and the ingenious in every branch of invention or improvement, so deeply indebted as to the feeling and liberality almost generally extended to their sufferings by the professors of medicine.

Hood's letters from Coblenz afford lively descriptions of the Rhineland population, their customs, manners, cookery, amusements, and, above all, their petty rogueries and universal imposition upon the English who visit or sojourn among them. He wrote and published a book, "Up the Rhine," in which they were severely handled; but it did not take with the million. His health failed under German discipline, and when an artist, Mr. Lewis, was summoned to paint his portrait, he, as usual, plays fancifully on the occasion: "He will have a nice grizzled head to exhibit! What! that pale, thin, long face the Comic! Zounds! I must gammon him, and get some friend to sit for me." And on the national complaint, he writes of the Coblenzers, "Only imagine that I blessed everything for them, down to their pipes. They have the worst of the French character without the best of the German. . . . I have not learned smoking yet; but hated it worse than ever, since I see its effects on the mind and person. . . . It is not pleasant, nor even a pecuniary trifle, to pay from twenty to thirty per cent. on your whole expenditure, for being an Englishman—and you cannot avoid it; but it is still more vexatious to the spirits and offensive to the mind to be everlastingly engaged in such petty warfare, for the defence of your pocket, and equally revolting to the soul to be unable to repose confidence on the word or honesty of any human being around you. In aggravation, I am persuaded that the English are no favourites with the natives." Whether the increased

* "Memorials of Thomas Hood." Collected, Arranged, and Edited by his Daughter. With a Preface and Notes by his Son. Illustrated with Copies from his own Sketches. Two vols., 12mo. London: E. Moxon & Co.

intercourse of twenty years has altered this state of things, and the continent has ceased to have its two tariffs of prices, the highest being, as an especial compliment, in honour of the English, we leave for "Murray's Handbooks" and recent travellers to declare; but the main circumstance which ultimately drove Hood from Coblenz to Ostend (May, 1838), was the difficulty of carrying on his needful London correspondence without ruinous delays and obstacles too trying even for his philosophy. The interchange of missives, packets, or letters, between England and Germany then, was more tedious and uncertain than it is now between England and India or Australia.

After about a couple of years at Ostend, with fluctuating health, and elasticity of temperament broken by a most unsatisfactory conclusion of his connection with Mr. B—, saddling him with one suit at Common Law and another in Chancery, he finally came back to his native land,—settled for awhile at Camberwell, moved thence to the Regent's-park,—wrote in the new *Sporting Magazine*, contributed to the *New Monthly*—"Miss Kilmansegg" being one of his papers,—became its editor on the death of Theodore Hook,—differed with Mr. Colburn, and resigned,—published the immortal "Song of the Shirt," in *Punch*,—started *Hood's Magazine*,—and died in harness, emaciated to a shadow, and doing his utmost to nearly the last syllable of recorded time upon his deathbed. Nor was that deathbed without many consolations. Some friends evinced their sympathies by every kindness and service in their power. Mr. Ward did his work at the *Magazine*; Dr. Elliot made a willing sacrifice of his valuable time between Stratford and Regent's-park, long after hope was gone. His own family, full of love, met his tenderness with an affection not to be exceeded,—a fond and devoted wife, with whom his chequered career had been passed in rich and uninterrupted harmony, and who, within a few months, followed him to the grave, and children who had been his delight in the midst of all his sorest trials, attended his painful couch, watching their precious charge, and weeping to see that in this world neither medical skill, nor filial duty, nor connubial love, could avail to avert the desolateness that awaited them.

Moved by Lord Ellesmere, Lord Wharncliffe, Mr. Monckton Milnes, and other powerful interests, Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, had in the preceding month of November, in a gratifying manner, granted him a pension (sadly inadequate) of £100 a year; but he died in May. Alas! this scanty succour was late—too late. As in the cases of Haydon and Maginn, that aid which a few years sooner might have supplied them with requisite comforts, and supported their wasting energies, fell upon the dull cold ear of death, or seemed but to throw a transient gleam upon their parting hour.

In the course of the narrative before us, there is frequently a good deal said in proof of Hood's Christian faith and unaffected piety. This, perhaps, was needful, as a very erroneous opinion has prevailed in many quarters that his principles inclined to infidelity, and that he made a mockery of religion. It was not so. Hypocrisy and cant were his abhorrence, and, like the Scottish Burns, he lashed the pretenders with an unsparring scourge. His dying voice gave the lie to the slander, and we can bear witness, not only to the truths brought forward on this delicate subject, but adduce a contemporaneous incident (not related in the "Memorials") to show how anxiously he dreaded even posthumous misrepresentation upon it. The very near female relation mentioned as having been deranged through fanatical terrors, but partially restored to a more sober, but still vehement and excited condition of mind, insisted on disturbing the invalid's later moments by the intrusion of strong sectarian appeals for the expression of sentiments and belief in doctrines altogether alien to his lifelong convictions. After several visits, this persecution became intolerable, and he begged of a friend to free him from the annoyance, on the especial ground that, in some paroxysm of delirium or prostration, she might extract from him insensate words which, being carried away and reported to her spiritual directors, would contradict everything he had written, defeat the consistency of his entire existence, and exhibit him dying as a vacillating and narrow-minded bigot, who had ever been a sincere and calm believer. The friend communed with Mrs. Hood, and the grievous plague was never again permitted to vex the firm though sinking spirit. His last words, clasping his wife's hand, were—"Remember, Jane, I forgive all—all, as I hope to be forgiven!" He lay for some time peacefully, but breathing slowly and with difficulty, when she, bending over him, heard him utter faintly, "O Lord! say, 'Arise, take up thy cross, and follow me!—Dying, dying.'" Assuredly he made a good ending, and such as became a true Christian.

THE LIFE OF GARIBALDI.*

A LIFE of Garibaldi, written by himself, and edited, with a prefatory sketch of Italian history, and interstitial links of narrative, by Alexander Dumas, presents attractive materials for a title-page. A vague affinity exists between the general and the writer of historical, metaphysical, and melodramatic romances. No two men in the world are absolutely more unlike in character—the one being essentially true and real, and the other meretricious and fantastical. Yet some ingredients, which equally colour their opposite careers, may be traced in both. There is a Garibaldi element in Dumas, which makes a sort of guerilla hero of him in his way. He is to legitimate literature what the soldier of fortune is to the legitimate wars of princes. He executes the most eccentric movements, abhors repose, and if he has not got regular employment, his restless genius is sure to make it out of the most unpromising opportunities, if none better are to be had. He has, like Garibaldi, his La Plata, his Salto Sant Antonio, his Rome, and his Palermo. At one time we hear of him in Algeria, at another he appears suddenly in the Sicilian waters. He carries a roving commission in the service of that descriptive literature of which he is so famous a master; and when he ceases to illuminate one hemisphere, we may confidently calculate upon his turning up in another. When last we had tidings of him he was pleading against charges of piracy in one of the law courts; which exploit was rapidly followed up by the production of a five-act drama at the Vaudeville. He now comes out, by a fresh revolution of the wheel, as master of the ceremonies to Garibaldi.

He does not do much in this rôle, but what little he does do is characteristic. The contrast and the sympathy between the two men are indicated

* "Garibaldi: an Autobiography." Edited by Alexandre Dumas. Translated by William Robson. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.

by unmistakeable touches. The modesty with which Garibaldi speaks of himself is felicitously opposed to the bursts of admiration with which he is spoken of by Alexander. But as this modesty is not incompatible with fervour, neither is Alexander's enthusiasm inconsistent with fidelity. A contemporary may be allowed to indulge in raptures which are denied to posterity; and we who live in the same age with Garibaldi can readily comprehend how difficult it is to write soberly concerning him in the presence, and under the actual influence, of his heroic deeds.

On to-morrow week, the 22nd of July, Garibaldi will be fifty-three years of age. He has lived a series of Chronicles, such as Froissart would have gloried in compiling, during those years. Born at Nice, by a strange coincidence, in the very chamber in which Massena was born, his first taste of true Italian sentiment was upon a voyage he made to Rome with his father, who was a sailor, and commanded a vessel of his own. His love of Rome, he tells us, was increased in subsequent times by distance and exile. "Often, very often," he exclaims, "from the other side of the world, at 3,000 leagues from her, have I implored the All-Powerful to allow me to see her again. In short, Rome was for me Italy, because I only view Italy in the re-union of her scattered members, and that Rome is for me the single and unique symbol of Italian unity." The autobiography which thus begins with Rome ends with it, but under very different circumstances. In the intervening time, Garibaldi, compromised in the Revolution of 1834, has taken service under the Republic of Rio Grande, has fought in the Brazils, passed through the most romantic enterprises—not the least remarkable of which is his marriage, returned to Europe, re-appeared in Lombardy, renewed his ancient alliance with Mazzini, beaten the Neapolitans on their own ground, and entered Rome in triumph. This grand incident in his career took place on the 24th May, 1849. All the world knows what followed: with what discretion and courage the town was held, what admirable administrative measures were adopted, and how nobly the triumvirate acquitted themselves of the perilous and responsible task they had undertaken. But a moment came when human efforts were mere waste and prodigal outlay of blood. The news of the breaking up of the democratic party in France, and the flight of some of its leaders to England, determined at a single blow the fate of Rome.

"After receiving that news (says Garibaldi), resistance was nothing but useless despair; and I conceived that the Romans had done too much in the face of the world to stand in need of having recourse to despair. The coalesced Powers had enclosed the Roman Republic—that is to say, all the democracy of the peninsula—within the old walls of Aurelian. We had nothing more to do but to break through the circle, and carry, as Scipio did, the war into Carthage. Now, our Carthage is Naples; it is there that I hope some day Despotism and I shall again meet face to face. May that day be near!"

The words are ominous of what is coming. Wonderful, too, it will be, if this noble career should be rounded off at last by the completion of Italian liberty.

The close of the Roman occupation is like the catastrophe of some mighty tragedy. A pall is drawn over the heroes by the overwhelming destiny of the scene. The siege had been carried on with indefatigable energy, and not without some perfidies, by the French; and at last, a practicable breach having been effected, the firing of cannon at two o'clock in the morning announced that the end was approaching. Garibaldi was out in the streets in a moment, and placing himself at the head of his men, sword in hand, threw himself upon the French, singing the popular hymn of Italy. He despaired of the future, and sought only death. For a whole hour he fought through the thick of the enemy, and, marvellous to relate, in the midst of that dreadful carnage, he never received a single wound. This could not have lasted. Every person immediately around him was slain, and he must have fallen had he continued in the sanguinary mêlée. But a message came from the Assembly, summoning him to the Capitol. This providential message saved his life. Mazzini had already put the Assembly in possession of their position, and pointed out the only three courses that were open: to treat with the French, to defend the city, barricade by barricade, or to withdraw.

"When I appeared at the door of the chamber (says Garibaldi), all the deputies rose and applauded. I looked about me, and upon myself, to see what it was that awakened their enthusiasm. I was covered with blood; my clothes were pierced with balls and bayonet thrusts; my sabre was so bent with striking, that it was not more than half in the sheath. They cried, 'To the tribune! to the tribune!' and I mounted it. I was interrogated on all sides."

He proposed to take from Rome all the volunteer army that was willing to follow. "Where we shall be," he exclaimed, "Rome shall be!" The Assembly rejected the proposition, and determined to discontinue the defence. On the 2nd July, Garibaldi assembled the troops, and announcing his determination to quit Rome, and to carry into the provinces the revolt against the Austrians, the King of Naples, and Pius IX., inviting all to follow him who were willing to share his enterprise. He told them he had nothing to give them. They were to have no pay, no rest—bread and water when they could find any. Four thousand foot and nine hundred horse ranged themselves round him—two-thirds of the whole force. His wife, dressed as a man, was one of the first at his side. "Towards evening," he concludes, "we quitted Rome by the Tivoli Gate: my heart was sad as death. The last news I heard was that Manara was killed."

The termination is melancholy enough; but the brightest page remains yet to be added to this remarkable autobiography, when Garibaldi records the events of the last war, the redemption of Sicily, and, may we hope—the emancipation of Naples.

THE MAN AND THE HORSE.*

THERE are some things in the knowledge and culture of which the world has retrograded. The horse is one of them. Who can believe that the war-horse of Isaiah, or the "breeding jennet" of Shakspeare were conceived in times when horses were ill-used, or that the affectionate apostrophes to equine blood and beauty with which the poems and romances of the middle ages abound were mere strokes of fancy? There must have been a truer estimation of the nature and value of horses in the old days, when the horse

* The Illustrated Horse-Doctor: being an accurate and detailed account, accompanied by more than 400 pictorial representations of the various diseases to which the equine race are subjected; together with the latest mode of treatment, and all the requisite prescriptions, written in plain English. By Edward Mayhew, M.R.C.V.S. London: Allen and Co., 1860.

and his rider were friends and companions, and shared in common the dangers and triumphs of an adventurous career, than prevails in our degenerate and ruder age, where the companionship is exchanged for servitude on the one hand and tyranny on the other. The amount of ignorance, and, we are sorry to add, brutality, that exists amongst us, from the highest to the lowest, on the subject of horses, is incredible. We have made some advances out of this barbarous condition latterly; but they are slow and uncertain, and, so far as the bulk of the people who have to do with horses are concerned, we are as benighted as ever, with an accession of increased obstinacy, arising from instinctive resistance to innovation. The cabmen denounce the new doctrine of substituting gentleness for violence as an impudent imposition; and there is not an omnibus stall or a waggoner's yard that can't produce a chap who knows a hundred times better about horses than Rarey.

This is the kind of mental sottishness which requires to be cured in England; and we know of no better way of effecting the desired end than by the publication of such useful and enlightened books as the volume before us. Exhibitions like those of Mr. Rarey are always open to suspicions which the vulgar mind takes advantage of as an excuse for scepticism. There may be collusion or trickery in a hundred shapes, and although Mr. Rarey has repeated his experiments under such a variety of conditions as to establish beyond controversy the merits of his system, he has gained but few converts amongst that large class whose delinquencies he has laid bare. Now, a book is not exposed to doubts or innuendoes. It is true or false upon its own showing. Its demonstrations do not depend upon individual adroitness, or the aid of confederacy. It stands or falls by theories which every practical man can test for himself. Mr. Mayhew's work comes strictly within this description. It describes with great clearness, and in ample detail, all the diseases to which the horse is subject, indicates generally their causes, and enters fully into the proper curative processes. But this is only the medical side of the work. It has a moral side also: it is an earnest, and, in some respects, almost a pathetic protest against the savage severity and culpable neglect with which horses are commonly treated in England, and it supplies the best of all possible reasons for altering our system, by proving that kindness and thoughtful care are more economical than cruelty and indifference. The literary merits of the book are considerably above the average of medical publications; and although the delineation of horse disorders is not the most agreeable subject to contemplate, the skill with which Mr. Mayhew has accomplished his task inspires it with a high degree of popular interest. The utility of the volume is increased by a profusion of illustrations from the pencil of the author.

We are glad to find Mr. Mayhew bearing testimony, out of his ample professional experience, to a fact which we believe to be the key to the whole inquiry—the natural shyness of the horse. The knowledge of this important fact is the first step towards a knowledge of the right method of treatment in health and disease. To timidity may be referred most of those nervous demonstrations which ignorant grooms and rough-riders ascribe to vice and bad temper. The horse is naturally affectionate and impressionable. It soon learns to know the voice of a kind owner, and with kindness it will become as attached and docile as a dog. But instead of endeavouring to quiet its alarms, we alarm it still more. This proceeding is palpably illogical; but it is astonishing how illogical we are in such matters, and how irrationally we persevere against the admonitions of experience. When a horse runs away, in a fright, we lash it with a whip, which means "go on," and tug at it with the reins, which means "stop!" The two actions are not only inconsistent in themselves, but are eminently calculated to increase the terror and perplexity of the animal. Instead of adopting these methods, it is obvious we should adopt the very contrary. Don't pull the rein: speak to your horse caressingly and cheerfully; repeat your words in the same encouraging tone of voice, till it begins to listen and slacken its pace; then touch the reins gently, and you have it completely under control.

The same system pursues us throughout. It is the custom to beat horses for the slightest false step, and even for weakness of limbs, instead of encouraging and supporting them. The animal, writhing under the lash, gets frightened, loses its self-command, and trips; for which the judicious rider or driver lashes it again. He makes it stumble, and then beats it for stumbling; as the Irishman in the song knocks a man down, and then kicks him for falling. All our fashionable means and appliances are equally at variance with humanity and common sense. To obtain a good crest, an arched mane, a head borne proudly in the air, the bearing-rein is brought into requisition: the horse is put to agony; his pace is rapid, his action high, he cannot see the ground, and he comes to the earth with violence, shattering the skin of the knee, and the structures beneath. The snaffle, or bit, is indispensable to produce that startling effect with which a man of fashion dashes up to a door, and stops short, as if the horses of his carriage had been shot dead in full gallop. This is the true spanking style, which dazzles the eyes of the spectators as much as it gratifies the pride of the charioteer. See what it costs in pain and cruelty. The horse pulled-up suddenly is thrown on his haunches, the gums are wounded by the violent pressure, frequently the jaw is injured, sometimes broken, sloughing sets in on the wounded gums, and a portion of bone must be cast off. Not one of the implements we use to quicken the pace of horses, or to give them a fine high-bred town air, but may be described as an implement of torture and destruction. By the bit, the "cruel bit," as Mr. Mayhew calls it, the jaw is often broken; by the snaffle gum and bone are injured; and by the ruthless dragging of the curb-chain bruises are produced which end in abscesses. Is it very surprising, under such circumstances, that a large majority of horses should perish before they are eight years old, and that many of them are distorted by ill-usage before the growth of the body has been fully developed?

The treatment of horses by the fellows who are generally collected about mews opens a chapter in which we trace the worst traits of cunning, ignorance, and superstition. To make a horse look well at the least possible expenditure of their own labour is the main study of their lives. Hence they cultivate the lowest forms of empiricism. They delight in the hocus-pocus of medical imposture. Mysterious cures have the fascination of spells in their eyes. They have great faith in balls, especially when the ingredients are strong. Arsenic, vitriol, and nitre, are in high repute; raw eggs, forced into the œsophagus, is a favourite recipe; raw tobacco is in much request; but, says Mr. Mayhew, "the ashes of the weed, collected and wrapped in several papers, are much more esteemed in the generality of stables." There

are other remedies forced by these fellows down the throat of the horse which one shudders to think of, and which cannot be recorded here. Nor is the evil limited to the administration of these terrible specifics. When any of them stick in the throat, the butt-end of a loaded whip is employed to force it down, and used with increasing violence till all impediments are removed. In obtaining this desired result the gullet is ruptured, food finds entrance into the cellular tissue, and death ensues. To reason with the author of a calamity of this kind, who has proceeded *secundum artem*, and who, in the face of a thousand examples, would do the same thing again and again, would be perfectly useless. "Of all persons living," observes Mr. Mayhew, whose authority upon this point is of weight, "grooms are the most prejudiced, and the most ignorant."

In the country, the clods to whose care horses are entrusted, although they may not pretend to the same amount of refinement as the town gentry, do not yield a jot to them in stupid barbarity. It is a common custom with country carters and drivers to throw provender before their horses on Saturday night, and then locking the door to take their rest on Sunday, leaving the animal to do the same. But they overlook this material difference between their situation and that of the horse—that they are all the time in the open air, while the horse is shut up in a close and fetid atmosphere, with a supply of food which becomes contaminated by being constantly breathed upon. On Monday morning the driver revisits the stable, and great is his astonishment to find his horse with a swollen leg, which the poor animal holds up in evident pain, its coat starting out, the expression of its eyes dull, its drooping mouth heavy, and its food for the most part untasted. The brawny carter, who has enjoyed a day of idleness and a good night's rest, stares with wonder, and can't make out a bit how this extraordinary change has taken place. But it is easily explained. The horse, worn out by the labour of the day, was unable to eat, from fatigue and pain, and was suffering the horrors of insatiable thirst. The disease called water-farcy, one of the many offsprings of debility, had consequently set in. Such cases may be classed under the combined heads of gross ignorance and culpable neglect. The following scene, which we give in the words of the author as a picture from the life, belongs to much the same category:—

"In agricultural districts, the veterinarian is frequently knocked up at night by a messenger, who announces 'Farmer Hodge's horse be a-dying.' The farmer may live several miles off in the country, and the reluctant sleeper hurries on his clothes, to obey the implied summons.

"In due time the pair reach Farmer Hodge's homestead. It needs no finger to point out the stable. The sound of laborious breathing effectually notifies it. The practitioner upon entering the place is horrified to find himself with no better company than a boy and a rapidly sinking animal. The circumstances demand other assistance. The horse-doctor cannot help giving voice to his requirements. The lad, hearing this, says hastily, he will fetch somebody very soon; hangs up the lantern, and vanishes into the darkness.

"Minutes pass, and no footfall greets the ear. The divisions of the hour are struck by the village church, and still no sound of returning steps. The animal becomes worse and worse. In its disabled state it fears to lie down, as that position impedes the breathing. In its efforts to stand it reels about, now falling to one side and then to the other; yet the departed messenger does not return. The veterinarian finds the limits of delay are passed; ten minutes more, and the quadruped will be down. He takes out his lancet. One foot from the breast-bone, and as near the centre of the neck as the rocking motion of the horse or the flickering light of the lantern will allow him to aim, he plunges the blade deeply into the flesh; if possible, at one cut dividing the cartilages of the trachea."

The country is distinguished not only by this kind of stolid indifference, but by a boorish brutality, which, if not peculiar to it, is seldom so actively developed elsewhere. Take the instance of a pretty-looking stable-boy in the service of a well-to-do farmer. The youth is possessed of the traditional cunning of his class, and young as he is, has graduated in the school of trickery and deception. He is entrusted to take home a horse his master has just purchased at a fair, and strictly cautioned to lead it gently, which he faithfully promises to do. He is no sooner out of sight than he converts the halter into a "chaw" (slang for something to chew), and climbing on the animal's back, rides him triumphantly home. The "chaw" is formed by twisting the halter into the horse's mouth, and then using it as a bridle. To this bridle the boy slings himself, rolling and bumping from side to side, and thinking it high fun, as he goes along, to drag at the animal's mouth, out of that instinct of cruelty which is a conspicuous attribute of stable-boys. Arrived at last in the stable at home, the halter is found to be saturated with blood, the animal's mouth is full of blood, and its tongue nearly cut through. Anything put into a horse's mouth produces a feeling of uneasiness, and the animal never ceases feeling and poking about it, till it gets its tongue under it, and then the tugging and dragging of the "chaw" does the rest of the mischief.

Beating about the head is the ordinary method adopted by common country drivers, of communicating their desires to the unfortunate animals entrusted to their charge. They seem to think that they can make a horse understand what they want, or, at all events, that they can reduce it to obedience, by punishing it severely about the head, and generally on account of things for which they are properly responsible themselves. But, as Mr. Mayhew judiciously observes, "the whip can convey no idea; the lash does not instruct the animal; beat a horse all day, and it will only be stupid at sunset." The worst of it is that the unreasoning driver beats alike, without any distinction, whether he wants the horse to increase or to slacken its pace. What is the horse to understand from these contradictory orders? The greater its intelligence, and the keener its capacity for receiving instruction, the more it is puzzled by want of clearness and consistency in its master. The only inference it draws from this senseless system of beating, or rather that it is maddened into by it, is to go fast; but it no sooner goes fast than it is instantly checked by the "jagging" and "sawing" of the reins; and thus two evils are accomplished at once—the natural timidity of the horse is heightened into confirmed nervousness, and its mouth is ruined.

The source of these accumulated cruelties and mistakes lies in the ignorance and barbarous nature of the class of persons to whose care horses are committed. A comprehensive review of the subject opens up many considerations which call for a higher tone of mind, and a wider reach of education, than are to be found amongst common grooms, and helpers, and carters. Under the present system the intelligence of the animal is seldom consulted, and its timidity and affectionate disposition still more rarely thought of. Mr.

Mayhew is so strongly impressed with the necessity of a revolution in this direction, that he not only advocates the establishment of hospitals for horses, of which there is an example already existing in the Veterinary College at Camden Town, but he goes so far as to express a desire that women would undertake to tend on horses. He thinks that female strength would be equal to any service required by the horse, while female sympathy is exactly what is wanted in the appreciation of its gentleness. There may be some truth in this, and the suggestion, whether practicable or not to the full extent contemplated by Mr. Mayhew, is worth attention; but we must dissent from his conclusion that, because attachments spring up between "the female and domesticated creatures," therefore the care of the stable is woman's province as much as the watching of the sick-room. We apprehend that whatever advantage might be drawn from her kindness and sympathy, the management of the stable is beyond her reach.

The stable is the most important point of all, in reference to the health of the horse. Light, air, drainage, are essential; and these are matters women could not look after very efficiently. The state of the London stables in these particulars is revolting. Many of them have the light and air admitted only through the doors; and the stables are so narrow that the animals cannot turn round, and are obliged to be backed out, a proceeding which brings down a volley of oaths from the groom, and a blow on the head, which ends in springhalt—the St. Vitus's dance of horses. This is the involuntary motion which cabmen will tell you is mere play and friskiness, as the animal, under its influence, is kicking at the splash-board. To the foul air of stables a long list of evils may be traced. The paramount importance of a constant supply of fresh air ought not to require to be urged upon the attention of the owners of valuable horses. Food, as Mr. Mayhew says, is eaten only occasionally during the day, but air is consumed at all hours. It may be added, too, that food has to undergo a complicated change, and to travel far before it reaches the blood; while air is no sooner inhaled than it is absorbed by the blood. The whitewashing of stables is another grievous error. Constant looking upon dead white walls injures the vision at last; and Mr. Mayhew recommends green as the colour to which animals are most accustomed in nature, and which is coolest and most refreshing to their eyes. Ophthalmia may be reckoned also amongst the numerous ills for which the structure of the modern stable is responsible. For the convenience of the stable servants, who are generally thought of before the comfort of the horse is provided for, the hay is kept in a loft above, and let down through a trap-door into a lofty rack. This is regarded as an extremely clever contrivance for saving trouble; and so it is. It saves the groom a world of trouble; but see what it does for the horse:—

"At every mouthful the head has to be raised, and the provender pulled out: probably human ingenuity could not invent a machine more likely to be attended with injury. The head uplifted, the eye open to direct the bite, the dry grass shaken to pull out the morsel, of course the loose particles are dislodged, and what wonder if one of the hay-seeds should fall into the open eye? The body is small, harsh, and sharp; moved about by the motion of the lid, it commits fearful ravages upon the tender organ to which it has found admittance, and simple ophthalmia is the consequence."

Upon the whole, it is evident that most of the bad habits which we call vices, and many of the diseases contracted by horses, are referable to causes which either originate in our cruelty, or might be easily prevented by a little watchfulness.

Our barbarity and neglect, exhibited in the form of a catalogue of causes of horse vices and disorders, make an appalling exhibition. Here is an enumeration of some of the principal items:—violent exertion, especially when racing; driving far and fast upon hard roads; a long stress on the foot, such as standing in the hold of a ship; bad food, scanty food, scarceness of food; deficiency of healthy exercise; looking at white walls; riding after the hounds when out of condition; exposure to the night air; cutting the hair from the heels; turning into straw-yards in the winter; coarse and dusty provender; rank bedding; irregular work; ill-ventilated stables; lofty hay-racks, with traps for the descent of the hay; bruises from the saddle; rucks in the saddle-cloth; kicks and blows under the flank; kicking the head; cutting over the head; the stable-fork in the hands of an intemperate groom; slovenly grooming; violent use of the reins, the bearing-rein, the snaffle, and the curb-chain. The indictment might be drawn out farther; but it is heavy enough as it stands. To effect a complete reform in the treatment of horses must be the work of time and philosophical patience, remembering the quarters in which the revolution has to be commenced. "A little mind," observes Mr. Mayhew, speaking of the occupants of the stable-yards, "knows no difference between the possession of power and the indulgence of tyranny. The use and the abuse are synonyms to the ignorant." This is wisely said, and indicates accurately the way in which we must set about the duty of improvement. We must begin by educating the grooms, and the whole race of stable and farmyard servants, supernumeraries, and loungers. The horses have nothing to learn. The real difficulty to be overcome, as Mr. Rarey has repeatedly reminded us, lies in the ignorance and brutality of the man, and not in the intractability or ferocity of the horse.

HISTORY OF FLEMISH LITERATURE.*

HALLAM was confessedly unacquainted with Flemish literature. Out of three volumes devoted to the history of the literature of Europe he gives a page to the Dutch poets, frankly acknowledging, at the same time, that he takes his materials and opinions at second-hand. This want is rendered conspicuous by his own statement, that at the end of the sixteenth century, and for many years afterwards, Holland was pre-eminently the literary country of Europe. M. Delepierre undertakes, in the volume before us, to supply the omitted chapter; and while all readers will regret that he did not prepare it on a larger scale, ample details will be found here for the use of the student and the scholar.

It is necessary to explain on the threshold that the word "Flemish," as it is employed with strict propriety in this work, has a more comprehensive area than is usually assigned to it in England. It is not merely the language of what we understand to be Flanders, but of the whole of that country which

was formerly the Netherlands. It was the original language alike of Holland and Belgium, and its literary history embraces both countries, so long as the literature of both was written in the native idiom. Holland still preserves its *Niederduitsch*, or Low-Dutch; but in Belgium it has long given way to the usurpation of French literature and the French language; and although some of the old Flemish poets are to this day household deities amongst the Flemish population, the current language is overrun with Gallic corruptions.

Flemish literature had its dawn in the age of Charlemagne; and the first production which appears to be fixed by any appreciable evidence is the famous "Reinart de Vos," familiar to our own literature in a variety of forms for the last four hundred years. The first part of that wonderful story is believed to have been written in Flemish about the middle of the twelfth century, and the second part a century later. That the locality of the "Reinart" was laid in the Flemish provinces seems to be pretty clearly made out by the internal evidence; and the well-known researches of M. Willems are tolerably conclusive as to the date of that version or form of the romance, or epic, or whatever else it may be called, which is supposed to be the original which was translated and printed by Caxton near the end of the fifteenth century, and which, in one mode or another, has made the entire round of European literature. But the Reynardine cycle has a much more extensive horizon. It is not possible, perhaps, to determine the time when the fables about the fox and the wolf first got into popularity, but there seems to be good ground, which we cannot enter upon here, for the assumption that they were known in the northern parts of France so early as the eleventh century. Grimm, indeed, arguing from philological data, goes so far as to maintain that they must have been known to the Franks as far back as the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries. Certain it is, however, that the name was derived from a German source.

The Netherlands, like all other European countries, can boast of high poetical and knightly traditions, gradually declining and disappearing before the advance of what we must venture in this case to designate as a barbarous civilization. The history of the Flemish *gezellen*, or minstrels, or wandering poets, or story-tellers, or all three mixed up together, is much the same in Flanders in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries as it is in England two or three centuries later, down to the union of the crowns of England and Scotland, and the extinction of border poetry. The minstrels were at first the followers of kings and nobles: they haunted the castles and tournaments, sang to maidens in the deep window-seats, or under the shadows of the trees, stimulated the banquets by gay and airy songs, and celebrated in lofty verse, on state occasions, the glories and valour of their patrons. These minstrels were not for the people; cities knew them not: they were of too refined and ethereal a texture to descend to the burghers. As for the boors who dwelt in the farm-lands, and who really lived amongst the birds and flowers, which these poets considered a part of their stock in trade, they heard nothing of this exclusive music, unless a chance refrain happened to float down from the ledge of a battlement or a tower window. But the very favours which were bestowed upon the minstrels precipitated their downfall. A profession that was so munificently supported could not fail to attract superabundant numbers into its ranks; and at last it followed the natural course of that law of political economy which was not the less inevitable because it was unknown in their primitive days, when might and possession were supposed to be immortal. The supply exceeded the demand, and the value of the unlucky *gezellen* fell in proportion. Then came a period of wandering and vagrancy; from palaces and princes they sank down to menageries, tramps, and fiddlers; and ultimately, like veritable Bohemians, they ended at the whipping-post or the gallows. In the Low Countries, says M. Delepierre, many *gezellen* were condemned to capital punishments for theft and other crimes.

The names, and even some of the fables and love poems, of these *gezellen* have been preserved, but they are hardly entitled to a place in the history of Flemish literature. They only serve to bridge over the chasm between the "Reinart" of the twelfth, and Jacques van Maerlant who flourished in the latter half of the thirteenth century. This distinguished man stands in the same relation to Flemish as Chaucer does to English literature. He is everywhere familiarly known in his own country as the father of Flemish poetry. But he was much more than a poet: he was an historian, a man of science, and, above all, an educator of the people. His range was almost universal. He wrote satires, lyrics, and epics; chastised, like Chaucer, the vices of the nobility and clergy; laboured zealously to diffuse sound information; and treating with contempt the allegories and fables which formed the principal reading of the middle ages, he endeavoured to draw the public taste into more useful and practical channels. He constructed a kind of encyclopædia of natural history; like Raleigh, he composed a history of the world; and anxious to promote the free dissemination of the Bible, for which he was prosecuted, he translated the "Historia Scholastica" of Comestor, into couplets, with additions, under the title of the "Rym Bibel." Maerlant is not less remarkable for the versatility of his talents than for his labours as a solitary pioneer of knowledge. He is not only the father of Flemish poetry, but may be justly considered the father of Flemish literature in all its forms.

The impetus given by Maerlant to the cultivation of knowledge, was felt in the rapid increase and improvement of educational institutions throughout the 14th century. Parish schools were established, under the immediate auspices of Government, and books of instruction on the natural sciences, many of them in rhyme, the better to attract and fix the attention of the young, multiplied in proportion. General literature, also, enlarged its bounds, and almost every kind of production was represented in this prolific period, from the ascetic treatises that issued out of monastic cells, to love lyrics and romances. Medicine, physiology, astronomy, chiromancy, and even physiognomy, were diffusely treated, according to the lights of the age; and epic poems of vast length, or rather rhyming chronicles, describing great battles and sieges, and other mighty affairs, brought up the intellectual procession.

But the most remarkable literary phenomenon of that century was what M. Delepierre, startled by the discovery, out of his usual sobriety of expression, calls "the apparition of a theatre," with a complete *repertoire* of tragedies, comedies, and farces. The evidence of this early drama is contained in a MS. which dates from the beginning of the fifteenth century, but which is, apparently, a copy of originals at least half a century older. This MS. consists of ten regular dramatic pieces, four of them tragedies, and the rest

* A Sketch of the History of Flemish Literature and its celebrated Authors, from the Twelfth Century to the Present Time. By Octave Delepierre, LL.D. London: Murray, 1860.

comedies—a name which seems to be rather loosely applied to plays of a mixed character—and farces. They are prepared and arranged for representation in a perfectly businesslike manner, the tragedy, or comedy, being always followed, as on our modern stage, by a farce,—not the least curious circumstance connected with these relics. The performance took place in the upper part of a house, and sufficient time was allowed between the play and the farce for the spectators to take refreshments; and as they returned the next day, we infer that when these entertainments were set up in a place they continued from day to day till the whole *repertoire* was exhausted, as in the old Breton drama, which, however, consisted of one long dramatic history that occupied seven or eight days in the delivery. M. Delepierre gives us an analysis of one of these pieces. It is the old story of a prince who, being born under an evil astrological prediction, is stolen away, and brought up as a foundling, to frustrate the prophecy, but who ultimately discovers the secret of his birth, and adjusts the balance of poetical justice by the proper distribution of rewards and punishments. A few specimens of these plays, and a critical account of their structure, would have been very desirable, and the omission is greatly to be deplored in a work of this nature. The interest of these pieces in an historical point of view cannot be overrated, considering that they were two centuries in advance of our English stage, which has hitherto been regarded as the first to lay the foundation of the romantic drama. The estimate of their value as literary innovations, or even as literary works, must, of course, depend upon an examination of their details, of which, at present, we know nothing. We presume, however, that they are chronicles in dialogue, rather than legitimate plays, and that they are not divided into scenes or acts. Upon this material point it is the more necessary that some light should be thrown, as the MS., of which we have no particulars, is, doubtless, inaccessible to the English antiquary. Perhaps, after all, the most surprising feature in these pieces is, that their subjects are secular, turning upon real or imaginary historical incidents, and awakening interest by means wholly independent of Scripture sources. The farces are described as very much of the same order as may now be seen at the Adelphi or the Haymarket, the imbroglia being drawn direct, with abundant breadth and coarseness, from the common every-day life of the people. We are probably, therefore, justified in inferring from M. Delepierre's account of these productions, that the dramatic literature of the old Flemish race must have already passed through the earlier stages of theatrical progress, and that before they arrived at plays of mere human interest, and farces reflecting contemporary life, they must have emancipated themselves from the primitive forms of the mysteries and moralities. The question is of manifest importance, and M. Delepierre would render good service in a future edition of his history by opening up the whole inquiry. That plays were acted in Flemish at the period to which these pieces are assigned is a matter which does not admit of controversy. The origin of the famous Chambers of Rhetoric, or societies associated for literary and dramatic purposes, cannot be positively ascertained, but they certainly flourished in the fourteenth century, and it is equally certain that at their festivals, which lasted several days, dramatic representations formed the most prominent attractions. The question is, what plays were acted on such occasions? and were these amongst them?

FOREIGN LITERATURE, ARTS, AND SCIENCES.

In St. Petersburg has been published lately, and for the first time, a Guide to the remarkable Public Library of the Capital of the Russian Empire.* The treasures it contains have been singularly augmented since 1849, when Baron de Korff was appointed its director. It was begun in 1795, with the books of the Public Library of Warsaw, but the national building which now adorns the large square "Alexandra" was only constructed in 1851-1852. It is a curious fact that the first librarian was a French *émigré* Le Comte de Choiseul-Gouffier, well known as a traveller and by his works. This library was only opened to readers and visitors in the year 1814. The latest acquisitions of importance were the Palimpsestes and Oriental MSS. of the celebrated Professor Tischendorf of Leipzig, a collection of *incunabula* and Xylographic books of the greatest rarity, bought at Augsburg, the private library of Mr. Adelung, containing a great number of valuable MSS. on the science of languages, and lastly the collection of Oriental MSS. belonging to Prince Dolgoroussky, ex-minister of Russia in Prussia.

It is not to be wondered at if Italy at present has little time to give to literature. There are actually very few publications issued in that unsettled country; nevertheless, two of them deserve especial mention. The first is "Il cantico d'Italia," a short national poem which will soon be heard from the Bremer to the Etna. It is the composition of Giovanni Pratti, a well-known Tyrolese poet. As it has not yet become known in England, we will here give the first stanza.

Nostra è l'arcana Italia,
Nostra di sangue e pianto,
La sua squarcinta porpora
Forma a rifarsi il monto:

Il coronato allobrogo
Per un angusta cuna,
Ma bella, integra ed una
La grande Italia vivrà.

The recent publication of the "Opere inedite de Giuseppe Giusti," the great poet and patriot, has produced some sensation in Italy (where he died a few years ago), because his voluminous correspondence with all the celebrities of that country, Grossi and Torti at Milan, the Marquis d'Azeglio at Turin, Capponi and Niccolini at Florence, prove him to have been one of the great promoters of the idea of Italian unity.

The literary world in France has been recently much astonished at a decision of the Supreme Court of Cassation of Paris, in a law-suit between M. Dupanloup and M. Rousseau. The latter accused the former of having calumniated (*diffamé*) one of his relatives who died many years ago. The Court has given a verdict against M. Dupanloup, on the plea that the law punishes all aspersions on the character of a man, even after his death.

If such a principle were received and carried out, it would become impossible to write history without incurring danger of imprisonment. If any relative, however distant, of Robespierre, Marat, St. Just, Danton, or others, should take it into his head to summon you before a court of justice for calumniating these men (*diffamer*), you would certainly be condemned, because the legal rule in France is, that in cases of this sort (*diffamation*) the accused is not allowed to make good his accusation. The only proof required

against the accused is, that the alleged fact is injurious to the character of the person in question.

This is one more monstrosity added to the many which exist under the French régime.

We cannot omit to notice especially a very curious work by Baron Gustave de Flotte,* which has just been published in Paris, and we should like to challenge the same sort of critical examinations into the writings of some of our English editors and reviewers. The Baron exposes the extraordinary mistakes made by French authors as to facts and dates, mistakes made with an assurance and *sang froid* only equalled by the amount of ignorance displayed. We will give a few extracts from this amusing volume, well worth an English translation, and show how little reliance can be placed on the assertions of even the best cotemporary French authors.

La Revue des deux Mondes takes the lead in these blunders; and in an article by Monsieur Babinet, a member of the Institute, "De l'Application des Mathématiques Transcendantes," he says, "In the second half of the seventeenth century, called the century of Louis XIV., when Corneille, Racine, Shakespeare, and Milton, revived the literary glory of France and England, the mathematician Fermat in France, Leibnitz in Germany, and Newton in England, gave an impulse," &c. &c. What does the reader think of this jumble of names? Racine, Milton, and Shakespeare cotemporaries! Shakespeare cotemporary with Leibnitz and Newton!

In the recent numbers of the *Revue Cotemporaine* the misquotations from Mirabeau, Pascal, Montesquieu, and Madame de Sévigné are equally remarkable.

The *Correspondant* is reckoned one of the first periodicals in France; we were not prepared, therefore, to detect it imputing to Madame de Sévigné an axiom emanating from Pascal; to find Lucretius quoted instead of Petronius, Malherbe instead of Voiture, &c. &c.; and in these passages the mistakes evidently proceed from ignorance, and not from carelessness, although we should consider the one as inexcusable as the other.

The historical works of Michelet, Henri Martin, Granier de Cassagnac, Villemain, and many others, present a rich harvest of similar blunders.

The first writer, in his "Histoire de France," says that Louis IX. was much afflicted at the death of Alphonso, king of Castile, whereas the French king died fourteen years before Alphonso. He states, in another place, that Mary, daughter of Henry VIII. of England, married Louis XII. of France, while every schoolboy could tell him that she was the wife of Philip II. of Spain; he has evidently confounded her with the sister of Henry VIII., who espoused the king of France.

De Cassagnac, in his "Histoire des Classes Nobles," speaks of the sister of Francois I. and the wife of Henri IV. of France as one and the same person. Monsieur de Villemain mentions the Christians of the 5th century as singing "Dies iræ, Dies illa, &c.," while this hymn was only composed during the Middle Ages. In mentioning a hymn of the poet Prudentius in the following metre,—

Nox et tenebræ et nubila
Confusa mundi et turbida

Lux intrat, albescit polus,
Christus venit, discedite—

Villemain asserts, again, that it is written in one of the most elegant metres of Horace. But one would look in vain through all the works of the Roman poet for a metre of the sort.

Is it not surprising that so much levity and carelessness should be displayed in the writings of authors who occupy a high position in literature, and who pretend that Paris is the centre of the intellectual world? It may be so, but surely it would be difficult to find in London, in the works of authors of a similar standard as those we have mentioned, materials for a book like that of the Baron de Flotte.

* "Bévue Parisiennes." Paris: Dentu. 1 vol. in 12mo. 1860.

THE RIGHT TO DISDAIN.

How shall I gain
The right to disdain?
The right to look down
With a saint-like frown
Upon sorrow and sin?
How shall I win
The right to scorn
My brother forlorn,
Or pass him by
With reproving eye,
As much as to say,
"Get out of the way,
"And taint me not
"With the poison spot
"That comes from thy heart, thy face, thy brow
"To me, much holier than thou!"

Were I far more bright
Than the heavenly light,
More pure than the snow
Where the glaciers grow,
And as undefiled as a little child
Dead and forgiven
And gone to heaven,
I should not gain
The right to disdain,
Or to stand apart
From my brother's heart,
Or turn my face
From a sinner's place,
Or breathe one word of hate or scorn
To the wickedest wretch that ever was born.

C. M.

* Guide de la Bibliothèque Impériale et Publique de Saint Petersburg (in French). In 12mo. St. Petersburg, 1860.

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The Capital, on the 1st November, 1859, £6,400,000 sterling. The Income exceeds £420,000 per annum.

Policies effected in the current year (1860) will participate in the distribution of profits ordered in December last, so soon as six annual premiums shall have become due and been paid thereon; and, in the division of 1869, will be entitled to additions in respect of every premium paid upon them from the years 1861 to 1869, each inclusive.

The EQUITABLE is an entirely mutual office, in which two-thirds of the clear surplus is decennially divided among the policy-holders, and one-third reserved for security and as an accumulating fund, in augmentation of other profits, for future periodical distribution.

No extra premium is charged for service in any Volunteer corps within the United Kingdom during peace or war.

A weekly Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from Eleven to One o'clock, to receive proposals for new assurances; and "a Prospectus" of the Society may be had on application at the Office, where attendance is given daily, from Ten to Four o'clock.

ARTHUR MORGAN, Actuary.

THE EUROPEAN ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Empowered by Special Act of Parliament, for the Assurance of Lives, Annuities, and the Guarantee of Fidelity in Situations of Trust.

CHIEF OFFICE:—2, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, London, S.W.
The existing Revenue from Premiums exceeds One Hundred and Twenty Thousand Pounds.

The European Assurance Society is authorized by Special Act of Parliament to guarantee the fidelity of persons holding Government and other Situations of Trust.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

HENRY WICKHAM WICKHAM, Esq., M.P., Chairman.
John Cheetham, Esq., Stalybridge.
James Davidson, Esq., Broad-street Buildings.
John Field, Esq., Warrford Court, and Dornden, Tunbridge Wells.
Charles Forster, Esq., M.P. for Walsall.
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J. P. Brown-Westhead, Esq., M.P. for York.

The Guarantee Policies of this Society are sanctioned by the Lords of the Treasury for the Customs, Inland Revenue, Poor Law, and County Courts, and by the Board of Trade, India, Home, and other Public Departments, and are accepted by the leading London, Provincial, and Colonial Joint-Stock and Private Banks; the principal Railway Companies, Life and Fire Offices, Public Companies, Institutions, and Commercial Firms throughout the kingdom.

Immediate Annuities, payable during the whole of Life may be purchased on the following Scale:—

Annuities granted at the undermentioned Ages for every £100 of Purchase Money.			
Ages...	50	60	70
Annuity...	£7. 17s. 6d.	£10. 3s. 4d.	£14. 16s. 2d.

List of Shareholders, Prospectuses, and Agency Applications may be obtained on application to the Secretary.

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY,
for Fire and Life Assurances at Home and Abroad.
Established in 1836. Incorporated by Act of Parliament.
Amount of accumulated funds on 31st January, 1860, £453,675 19s. 8d. Office in London, 1, Moorgate-street.

LONDON BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Chairman—WILLIAM MILLER, Esq., M.P. (Messrs. James Miller & Sons, Leith; and Messrs. William Miller & Co., St. Petersburg.)
George G. Anderson, Esq. (Messrs. G. & A. Anderson.)
Charles Bell, Esq. (Messrs. Thomson, Bonar, & Co.)
Thomas Newman Farquhar, Esq.
Duncan James Kay, Esq. (Messrs. Kay, Finlay, & Co.)
Sir Charles R. M'Grigor, Bart. (Messrs. C. R. & W. M'Grigor.)
William Westgarth, Esq. (Messrs. Westgarth, Ross, & Co.)

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Company grants insurances against fire on every description of property at home, in the colonies, and elsewhere.

Foreign Insurances.—The directors having had all the important places abroad practically surveyed, are enabled to offer unusual advantages as regards rates of premium and conditions; and a discount is allowed to merchants and others effecting their own and correspondents' insurances.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

The ordinary rates cover residence in all parts of the world distant more than 33 deg. from the Equator.

BONUS YEAR.

The next investigation, for the purpose of declaring a bonus to the policy-holders, will take place on 31st January, 1861, and all policies in the participating class effected prior to that date will share in the profits then to be divided, and will become entitled, in the event of death before the next period of division (1866), to a bonus for every year of their existence. This advantage will not again be attainable until after the lapse of another period of five years, and therefore renders the present an unusually favourable period for joining the Company.

The whole of the profit of this branch are divisible in terms of the Act of Incorporation, among the insured, the expenses of management being limited to 10 per cent.

As an illustration of the proportion which the additions already made to policies bear to the sums paid by the assured in the shape of premiums, it will be sufficient to state that a policy of £1,000 taken out in 1836, on a life then aged twenty-five, and upon which £503 have been received by the Office, has been increased, by successive bonus additions, to the sum of £1,351. 1s. 10d., the increase being equal to 70 per cent. on the premiums paid by the assured.

Progress of the Company during the past five years.

Revenue.	Fire Department.	Life Department.
£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
From Feb. 1, 1855, to Jan. 31, 1856	77,850 19	9,62,184 7 11
From Feb. 1, 1856, to Jan. 31, 1857	91,306 3	6,67,962 18 3
From Feb. 1, 1857, to Jan. 31, 1858	101,230 13	6,75,920 7 8
From Feb. 1, 1858, to Jan. 31, 1859	109,179 19	7,80,216 18 8
From Feb. 1, 1859, to Jan. 31, 1860	129,218 3	6,84,010 15 10

A. P. FLETCHER, Sec.

SCOTTISH AMICABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established 1826.

Glasgow—39, St. Vincent-place; William Spens, Manager.
London—1, Threadneedle-street; J. E. C. Koch, Res. Sec.

The Capital Sum assured exceeds £3,600,000
" Annual Income..... 145,000
" Invested Funds..... 730,000
The Existing Policies, 8,000.

The books of the Society close on 31st December next for the septennial division of profits. The rate declared at 31st December, 1853, was £1. 15s. per annum on each £100; that at 31st December, 1856, was £2.

Special attention is requested to the very liberal "General Conditions of Assurance" stated in the Society's prospectus. Also, to the table of "Minimum Premiums," and the very low rates for short period Assurances.

Every information may be obtained from the Society's agents, or from

J. E. C. KOCH, Resident Secretary in London.

SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

48, St. James's-street, London, S.W.

TRUSTEES.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.
Sir Claude Scott, Bart. Henry Pownall, Esq.

DIRECTORS.

Chairman—Lieut.-Col. Lord Arthur Lennox.
Deputy-Chairman—Sir James Carmichael, Bart.
John Ashburner, Esq., M.D. John Gardiner, Esq.
T. M. B. Batard, Esq. J. W. Huddleston, Esq., Q.C.
Lieut.-Col. Bathurst. Charles Osborn, Esq.

Bankers—Sir Claude Scott, Bart., and Co.

Solicitors—Messrs. Davies, Son, Campbell, and Co.

Capital..... £500,000

Invested Funds..... 110,000

Annual Income..... 40,000

To the security thus afforded, the Office adds the advantages of moderate rates and liberal management.

The Bonuses declared have been unusually large, and amount in some cases to a return of four-fifths of the premium paid.

No charges whatever are made beyond the premium.

For those who desire to provide for themselves in old age, sums may be assured payable on attaining a given age, as 50, 55, or 60, or at death, if it occur previously.

Endowments for Children are made payable on attaining the ages of 14, 18, or 21, so as to meet the demands which education or settlement in life may create. By the payment of a slightly increased rate, the premiums are returned in the event of previous death.

The Tables of Rates here given are of necessity very limited, but every information will be readily afforded on application.

HENRY D. DAVENPORT, Sec.

PHENIX FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
Lombard Street and Charing Cross, London.

Established in 1782.

TRUSTEES AND DIRECTORS.

Decimus Burton, Esq. Kirkman D. Hodgson, Esq., M.P.
Travers Buxton, Esq. William James Lancaster, Esq.
Octavius Edward Coope, Esq. John Dorrien Magens, Esq.
William Cotton, Esq. John Timothy Oxley, Esq.
John Davis, Esq. Benjamin Shaw, Esq.
George Arthur Fuller, Esq. Wm. James Thompson, Esq.
Chas. Emanuel Goodhart, Esq. Henry Heyman Toulmin, Esq.
James Alexander Gordon, Esq. Matthew Whiting, Esq.
Edward Hawkins, Jun., Esq.

AUDITORS.

John Hodgson, Esq. Peter Martineau, Esq.
Joseph Samuel Lescher, Esq.

SECRETARY.—George William Lovell.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY.—John J. Broomfield.

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Dawes and Sons, Angel Court.

Insurances against Loss by Fire are effected by the PHENIX COMPANY upon every description of Property, in every part of the World, on the most favourable Terms.

Persons insuring with the PHENIX COMPANY are not liable to make good the Losses of others, as is the case in some Offices.

Insurances with this Company expiring at Midsummer, must be renewed within Fifteen days thereafter, or they will become Void.

Receipts are now ready at the principal Offices, Lombard-street and Charing Cross, and with the respective Agents throughout the United Kingdom.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—BONUS YEAR.

SIXTH DIVISION OF PROFITS.

All Policies now effected will participate in the Division to be made as at 15th NOVEMBER NEXT.

THE STANDARD WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1825.

The first Division of Profits took place in 1835; and subsequent Divisions have been made in 1840, 1845, 1850, and 1855. The profits to be divided in 1860 will be those which have arisen since 1855.

Accumulated Fund £1,684,598 2 10

Annual Revenue 259,231 13 5

Annual average of new Assurances effected during the last Ten Years, upwards of HALF A MILLION STERLING.

WILL. THOS. THOMSON, Manager.

H. JONES WILLIAMS, Resident Secretary.

The Company's Medical Officer attends at the Office, daily, at Half-past One.

LONDON 82, KING WILLIAM STREET.

EDINBURGH 3, GEORGE STREET (Head Office).

DUBLIN 66, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

GOVERNMENT SECURITY LIFE POLICIES.

The only Life Policies dependent on Government Securities, and which entitle Insurers to withdraw at any time ON DEMAND nearly One-Half of all Premiums paid, are those issued by the CONSOLS INSURANCE ASSOCIATION, 429, Strand, London.

CONSOLS POLICIES CONTRASTED WITH ORDINARY POLICIES.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CONSOLS POLICIES AND THOSE OF OTHER COMPANIES IS THIS SEEN:—

CONSOLS POLICIES.	ORDINARY POLICIES.
1. Their Annual Current Values are defined and endorsed upon them, and they rest upon Government Securities, solely.	1. Their Current Values are not defined, and they rest upon the security of Private Companies only.
2. They are available and negotiable First-class Securities.	2. They are not available Securities for monetary purposes.
3. They entitle the Insured to withdraw, on Demand, about One-Half of all his premiums on dropping his policy, and under no circumstances can he forfeit any portion of its Current Value.	3. They do not entitle the Insured to withdraw anything, and most offices give as little as possible, as surrender values, for their policies, while the non-payment of a premium by a stated day forfeits the policy, and all the premiums paid upon it.

These are some of the advantages offered to Insurers by the Consols System of Life Insurance, prepared by Dr. FARR, of the General Register Office, Somerset House.

The Association has been most successful in its career. A large amount of Capital has been subscribed by more than three hundred highly responsible shareholders, and its principles of business have attracted much attention.

Intending Insurers, parties desirous of becoming Agents, and Investors of Capital, wishing to meet with an unusually safe and promising channel for employing and improving Money, are invited to peruse the prospectus and other documents issued by the Association, to be obtained of any of the Agents, or of

THOMAS H. BAYLIS, Managing Director.

429, Strand, London.

ENGLISH AND IRISH CHURCH AND UNIVERSITY ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 345, STRAND, LONDON.

REGULATIONS AS TO SCHOLARSHIPS.

This Society will give away one Exhibition of £30 per annum, tenable for three years, at each of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, to be competed for by Sons or Nominees of Proprietors and Assured Members of the Society.

Each Proprietor of not less than five shares, who has introduced assurance policies on his own life, or on the lives of others, to the extent of £250, for the whole term of life, may recommend one nominee—being his son or nephew—as a competitor, by a certificate under his hand lodged in the Society's Chief Office in London.

Members assured to the amount of £500, may nominate a Candidate, independently of their holding shares.

Two Examiners of eminence, not connected with the Society, and of not less than M.A. degree, shall be appointed annually, one from each University, to decide between the merits of the several Candidates, and report thereon to the Board of Directors in London, and who shall receive an honorarium of £10. 10s. each for such examination.

The Examination shall take place in the Society's Board-Room in the month of September, and shall last for two days.

The Examination shall consist of Papers in Classics and Mathematics, and 2,000 marks shall be given to each subject—namely, 2,000 marks for Classics, and 2,000 marks for Mathematics.

The Classical Examination shall consist of Translations from Greek and Latin Authors, Prose and Verse, with Critical and Grammatical Questions, and Translations from English into Greek and Latin Prose and Verse.

The Greek Authors shall be—Homer, Euripides, Demosthenes, Thucydides.

The Latin Authors shall be—Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Livy.

The Mathematical Examination shall consist of papers in—Euclid, Algebra, Plane Trigonometry, Elementary Mechanics.

The Exhibitions will be paid half-yearly; namely, on the 1st JULY and 1st JANUARY; and, before payment, a certificate from the College authorities, of residence and good conduct, shall be produced.

No Proprietor or Assured Member shall be allowed to nominate more than one Candidate for each Examination; and no Proprietor or Assured Member shall be allowed to have more than one successful Nominee at any one time at the University.

The names of Nominees for Examination in September next must be forwarded to the Society's Head Office in London, on or before 31st JULY.

The Society has established Two Exhibitions of a similar amount at the University of Dublin, and the Examination for the Third will take place in NOVEMBER next.—By order,

JOHN SHERIDAN, Manager.

BENSON'S WATCHES.

Perfection of Mechanism.—Morning Post.

Gold Watches, Four to One Hundred Guineas; Silver, Two to Fifty Guineas. Send two stamps for Benson's Illustrated Pamphlet, descriptive of every construction of Watch now made. Watches sent to all parts of the world.

33 and 34, Ludgate-hill, E.C. Established 1740.

BENNETT'S WATCHES.—Nos. 65 and 64,

Cheapside.—To Shippers, Merchants, Captains, and other Wholesale Buyers.—J. BENNETT solicits an inspection of his very large Stock of both Gold and Silver Watches, of every description, especially manufactured for the various foreign markets. He is ready to supply wholesale buyers with any quantity, at the shortest notice, and on the most advantageous terms. He always keeps on hand the largest stocks especially suited for the Spanish, Brazilian, and South American Markets; for India, China, Japan, and Turkey; for the United States, Canada, New Zealand, and Australia. Pocket Chronometers, Centre Seconds, Minute, Half-Quarter, and Quarter Repeaters, Lever, Duplex, and Horizontal Watches. J. Bennett also invites an inspection of a very large and choice assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, just received from his agents in Switzerland, manufactured expressly for him, of the newest designs. Every Watch is skillfully examined, timed, and its performance guaranteed. A liberal discount to wholesale buyers.

BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside, Watch Manufacturer.

BENNETT'S WATCHES, 65 and 64, Cheap-

side, in gold and silver, in great variety, of every construction and price, from three to sixty guineas. Every Watch skillfully examined, and its correct performance guaranteed. Free and safe per post.

Money Orders to JOHN BENNETT, Watch Manufacturer, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

BENNETT'S RIFLEMAN'S WATCH,

65 and 64, Cheapside.—J. BENNETT having manufactured a Watch specially fitted for the use of military men, and combining the advantages of both the hunting and open-faced Watch, solicits the inspection of his large stock by all Rifle Volunteers. In silver, from Five Guineas; in gold, from Fifteen Guineas. Free and safe by post.

Money Orders to JOHN BENNETT, Watch Manufacturer, 65 and 64, Cheapside, E.C.

WATCHES FREE AND SAFE BY POST.

J. BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside, Watch, Clock, and Instrument Maker to the Royal Observatory, the Board of Ordnance, the Board of Trade, and the Queen, having devoted much attention to the production of a good serviceable Watch, in strong silver cases, is now prepared to supply, for Three Guineas, free and safe by post, a Watch, the performance of which he guarantees, made expressly to suit the wants and means of the working classes. For durability, excellence, and price, it surpasses anything ever before produced.

On receipt of a Post-office Order, payable to JOHN BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside, London, a Watch will be forwarded by return.

STEVENS'S PATENT BREAD-MAKING

MACHINES, adopted by Government, East-India Council, Directors of every class of Public Institutions, Master Bakers, the Nobility, Private Families, &c. &c., ensure very superior and extremely clean bread, and repay the cost in a very short time.

May be had in sizes to knead from One Quarter of Flour to Five Sacks at one time. Prices from £2. 10s. to £100. Prospectus, fully illustrated, post free, containing the Government reports and a thousand other testimonials.—5, 6, & 7, Cambridge-road, N.E.

N.B.—Equally applicable for every kind of bread made.

INDIA OUTFITS.—THRESHER & GLENNY

manufacture the following Articles expressly for India, which are sold only at their Establishment, 152, Strand.

Thresher's Kashmir Flannel Shirts.
Thresher's Military Shirts.
Thresher's India Gauze Waistcoats.
Thresher's India Tweed Suits.
Thresher's Overland Trunks.
Thresher's Cabin Bag for Steamers.

N.B. Lists of Prices, and detailed particulars of the requisite outfit for India may be had on application to THRESHER & GLENNY, Outfitters, next door to Somerset House, Strand.

S. W. SILVER & COMPANY,

66 and 67, CORNHILL, E.C.

INDIA, CHINA, AUSTRALIA OUTFITS.
NAVAL AND MILITARY UNIFORMS.
PLAIN DRESS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
HOUSEHOLD, CAMP, BARRACK, AND CABIN FURNITURE.

Embracing every variety of Cabinet Work, Canteens, Trunks, Portmanteaus, &c., suited to all climates.
Manufactory, Silvertown (opposite H. M. Dockyards), Woolwich, S.E.

FAMILY MOURNING.—MESSRS. JAY

would respectfully announce that GREAT SAVING may be made by PURCHASING MOURNING at their Establishment. The Stock of Family Mourning is the largest in Europe. Mourning Costume of every description is kept Ready Made, and can be forwarded in Town or Country at a moment's notice. The most Reasonable Prices are charged, and the Wear of every Article Guaranteed.

LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
REGENT STREET, near the Circus.
JAY'S.

ALLSOPP'S PALE OR BITTER ALE.—

Messrs. SAMUEL ALLSOPP & SONS beg to inform the TRADE that they are now registering orders for the MARCH BREWINGS of their PALE ALE, in Casks of 18 Gallons and upwards, at the BREWERY, BURTON-ON-TRENT; and at the undermentioned Branch Establishments:—

61, King William-street, LONDON.	COOK-STREET	LIVERPOOL.
Ducie-place	MANCHESTER.	
Upper Temple-street	BIRMINGHAM.	
the London-road	DERBY.	
Exchange-street	WOLVERHAMPTON.	
6, Low Pavement	CHESTERFIELD.	
Wharf-street	STOKE-UPON-TRENT.	
Burnt Tree	DUDLEY.	
the Cross	WORCESTER.	
King-street, Bristol	SOUTH WALES.	
Crampton Quay	DUBLIN.	
Cook-street	CORK.	
Union-street-lane	EDINBURGH.	
St. Vincent-street	GLASGOW.	
279, Rue St. Honore	PARIS.	

Messrs. ALLSOPP & SONS take the opportunity of announcing to PRIVATE FAMILIES, that their ALES, so strongly recommended by the Medical Profession, may be procured in BOTTLES and CASKS, and on DRAUGHT, from all the most respectable Wine and Beer Merchants and Licensed Victuallers, on "ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE" being especially asked for.

When in bottle, the genuineness of the label can be ascertained by its having "ALLSOPP & SONS" written across it, upon red and white ground, striped.

The Brewery, Burton-on-Trent, June, 1860.

SAINSBURY'S SUMMER BEVERAGES.—

A table spoonful of either of SAINSBURY'S FRUIT ESSENCES, mixed with an ordinary tumblerful of spring water, will form a delicious beverage; they are also peculiarly adapted for flavouring carbonated, soda, and potass waters; and in every instance where there is a gazogene in use they will be found most desirable. Raspberry, Orange, Black Currant, Red Currant, Cherry, and Apple Fruit Essences, at 1s., 1s. 10d., and 3s. 6d. per imperial quarter pint, half-pint, and pint; Lemonade and Ginger Lemonade, at 10d., 1s. 4d., and 2s. 6d. per quarter pint, half-pint, and pint; Foreign Pineapple and Mulberry, at 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per quarter pint, half-pint, and pint. Manufactory, 176 & 177, Strand, third door west of Norfolk-street.

THE EAST-INDIA TEA COMPANY

(Limited), the only Company who import their own TEAS and supply the public direct—a clear saving of 15 per cent. The celebrated 6lb. bag of tea from 2s. 4d. per lb.; of coffee in the berry from 10d.; fine Lapsang Souchong, in pounds, 3s. 8d.—Warehouse, 9, Great St. Helen's-churchyard, Bishopsgate-street.

"Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed."

BARD OF AVON.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S SWEET SCENTS.

"The kisses of a thousand flowers
Stolen from them while they sleep."—R. B.

WHITE ROSE, a most delicate odour.

FRANGIPANNI, an eternal perfume.

LEAP-YEAR BOUQUET, the Scent for the Season.

MAGNOLIA, natural as the flower.

AMBERGRIS, more rare than gold.

VIOLET and ORANGE, for Weddings.

KISS ME QUICK, always sweet!

LAVENDER, "from English gardens won."

PIESSE'S POSY.

"The orange and the myrtle sweets agree,
And both in posies shall be bound for thee."—HORACE.

THE GREATEST CHOICE OF PERFUMERY IN EUROPE.

Agents in every British Possession.

ROYAL LABORATORY OF FLOWERS,

No. 2, NEW BOND-STREET, No. 2.

London.

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The nobility, gentry, and architects, are respectfully informed that JOHN M. BLASHFIELD has REMOVED his establishment from Praed-street, Paddington, to a new gallery, at 16, GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET, W., where specimens of terra-cotta works of art may be seen, and orders for London should now be addressed. Orders for the Country, and applications for estimates for new designs, should be sent direct to the Terra-cotta Works, Stamford, Lincolnshire.

HOSPITAL for DISEASES of the SKIN,

New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, London.

President—SAMUEL GURNEY, Esq., M.P.

Consulting Physicians—Dr. SOUTHWOOD SMITH, and Dr. HODGKIN.

Surgeon—Mr. STARTIN.

Assistant-Surgeon—Mr. M'WHINNIE.

Donations and Subscriptions most thankfully received by the President, the Secretary, or by Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, & Co., 54, Lombard-street, London.

GEORGE BURT, F.R.C.S., Hon. Sec.
ALFRED S. RICHARDS, Secretary.

Out-Patients are admitted on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, at Three o'clock. In-Patients must procure a Governor's recommendation.

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are replete with a large and well-selected assortment of useful and elegant articles, adapted for presentation, consisting of dressing-cases, travelling dressing-bags, medieval mounted writing-table sets, antique bronzes, papier-mache productions, chessboards and chessmen, card-cases, postage boxes and reticules. Despatch-boxes and writing-cases, in Russia and Morocco leather, in twenty different forms and sizes, fitted with real Bramah and Chubb locks; also others of a cheaper description. Portable writing and dressing cases, brush cases, courier bags, pic-nic cases, wicker luncheon baskets, sporting knives, wine and spirit flasks, &c.

112, REGENT-STREET, W., 4, LEADENHALL-STREET, E.C., LONDON; and CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH, used in

the Royal Laundry, and pronounced by Her Majesty's Laundress to be the finest Starch she ever used.—Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c. &c.

WOTHERSPOON & CO., Glasgow and London.

ORNAMENTS for the DRAWING-ROOM,

LIBRARY, &c.—An extensive assortment of ALABASTER, MARBLE, BRONZE, and DERBYSHIRE SPAR ORNAMENTS. Manufactured and Imported by J. TENNANT, 149, Strand, London, W.C.

MR. EDWARD DAVIESON'S EVER-

LASTING TEETH.—Of such exquisite beauty, and such admirable fit, that nature appears to have made good the ravages of time, disease, or accident, at 10s. per tooth, which price can only be exceeded by expensive mountings.

DAVIESON'S LIQUID ENAMEL, for stopping decayed teeth without pain, is enamel white, and lasts for ever. Attendance from Ten till Six. Consultation free.

448, West Strand, London, over the Electric Telegraph Office. Descriptive pamphlets free by post, two stamps.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY.—The FLEUR DE

L'AGE, or Bloom of Youth, a vegetable preparation, so innocent that it may be applied to an infant, but yet imparts the most dazzling brilliancy to any complexion, and renders the skin beautifully soft; prevents and cures all eruptions. Sold in cases at 5s. and 11s.

To be had only at ED. DAVIESON'S, 448, West Strand, London, (over the Electric Telegraph Office). Descriptive pamphlet free for two stamps; remittances by postage stamps.

COINS, MEDALS, GEMS, &c.—Mr. CURT,

of London, Numismatist, established since 1838, continues to execute every branch of his profession as usual, both in town and country.—33, Great Portland-street, Regent-street.

THE BRITISH LION; a Weekly Journal,

in Jest and in Earnest, is NOW READY, price 2d. With Cuts—Comic, Curious, and Caustic.

London: W. M. CLARK, 17, Warwick-lane, E.C. Sold by all Newsmen, and at all Railway Stations.

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THE BUILDER OF THIS DAY, price 4d., stamped 5d., contains:—Lambeth, Maudslay & Field—Fine Engraving of Organ, Shadwell-court—Co-operative Societies: Oxford—Boxwood and its Uses—Street Railways: London—Medieval Grotesques (with Illustrations)—Statues and Monuments—Local Portrait Galleries—Clubhouses for Clerks—School-building News—Notes in Ireland—Builders' Customs—Thames Embankment—State of Battersea-park—Church-building News—Drinking-Fountains—Nine-hours Movement—The Builders' Law Notes, &c.

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